JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1891

3D EVERY THURSDAY

SHAMEFULLY UNPREPARED FOR PEACE
By The EDITOR

LESSONS FROM THE BATTLE FRONTS

POINTS WE MUST WATCH
by A.G.G.

Here's a food that's
STILL LESS THAN
PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE
THE 5-STAR
COCOA

THE 5 STARS—
★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN B—VITAL TO HEALTH

5D PER QTR. LB.

Have no doubt
about healthy gums

Blood on your toothbrush is a sure danger sign. Use 'S.R.' Toothpaste to remove this threat of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhœa). 'S.R.' contains the dentist's own remedy for gum diseases—Sodium Ricinoleate. It safeguards the gums—safeguards the teeth, too.

New Size 1/3 *including tax*

★ Return all empty metal tubes to your retailer and help the ★ RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

protect
gums as well as teeth with

S.R.
TOOTHPASTE

GR 116-198-60 D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON

FOOD FACTS

HARVEST HOME

Apple pudding on wintry days? Runner beans for dinner in December? This is the time to make sure you will have these dishes later on. Preserve every ounce of home-grown food you can spare for the winter. You are on a *fighting food standard* now. Nothing must be wasted. Gather in the garden harvest now, so you can enjoy your 'Harvest Home' in the winter.

Marrow Surprise

Cooking time: 20 minutes. **Ingredients:** 1 medium size marrow, 4 oz. grated cheese, ½ pint household milk and vegetable stock, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 oz. margarine, ½ lb. carrots, 1 cup sliced beans, salt, pepper. **Quantity:** Four helpings. **Method:** Peel marrow, unless garden fresh, remove seeds, slice beans and carrots, cut marrow into large pieces. Put carrots and beans in one saucepan with a little boiling salted water. Cover and cook till almost tender. Add marrow, cook for five minutes. **Cheese Sauce:** Melt margarine in a saucepan, blend in flour, cook for a few minutes, add milk and vegetable stock to make thick sauce, stir until smooth, add grated cheese. Pour sauce over marrow, carrots, beans. Brown under grill. Serve with potatoes.

Salting Beans

Salting is the best way of preserving runners or French beans. Use young fresh beans. Take a lb. of cooking salt to 3 lb. of beans.

Wash the beans, dry, string them and, if large, break into pieces. *Crush* the salt with a rolling pin. *Put a layer* of salt about 1 inch deep into the bottom of a crock or jar (any large jar will do). *Press* in a layer of beans, then another layer of salt ½ inch deep, and so on. The secret of success is to pack the salt well down on the beans. *Finish* with a layer of salt 1 inch deep. *Cover* with a cloth or paper and tie with string. *Leave* for a few days for the beans to shrink.

Don't worry if contents become moist. *Just add* more beans and more salt until jar is full again. If beans are well covered with salt it doesn't matter how moist they are. *Re-cover.* Store in a dry cool place.

Before use, wash beans thoroughly in *hot* water, then soak for 2 hours in warm water. Cook in the usual way, but without salt.

DRYING HERBS

Parsley, mint, sage, thyme, marjoram and bay leaves can be dried and stored for the winter. Gather the leaves on a dry day. Wash small leaved herbs such as thyme, tie in muslin bags and hang by the fire to dry. Large leaved herbs such as bay leaves should be tied in muslin, dipped in boiling water. Then dried in a cool oven, this takes about 1 hour.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

How are you? FIGHTING fit, thanks!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 113

Good health —good work

She's right when she says everything must be right. She's one of millions doing the work of men and her amazing success is due as much to her splendid health as to her wonderful good sense. May we remind you, too, of the Golden Rule of Health? . . .

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere.

Boxes 1/4 & 3/3 (*Including Purchase Tax*)
Also in PENNYWORTHS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

THEY'RE CARELESS LISTENERS!

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

Whether your favourite card game is deadly serious Bridge, or a more hearty hand of Solo . . . *don't* leave the radio on when you're playing.

If you do, you not only waste electricity — which we have all been asked by the Government to save — but you are definitely shortening the life of your valves.

Valves are scarce nowadays, and you may have the greatest difficulty in replacing them when they ultimately wear out. Therefore, take special care of the ones you've got. *When you're not listening — SWITCH OFF!*

Mullard Sets and Valves are tough . . . made to stand any amount of hard work. That is why many thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who have enjoyed countless hours of trouble-free, true-tone listening will, when supplies are once more available, again choose . . . MULLARD.

MULLARD
RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2 (37)

Your Child's Health is at Stake

A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances where that is concerned—she will never gamble with 'cheap' untried preparations. And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach "upsets" she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomachache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/5 and 2/10 (*Treble Size*). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 7d., 1/1½d., 2/3 and 3/11½d.

(*Including Purchase Tax*)

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

★ '*Milk of Magnesia*' *is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

Shoes that have been well polished with Cherry Blossom need only a rub with the polishing pad or cloth to make them bright and smart for another day.

Save polish & save leather by using—

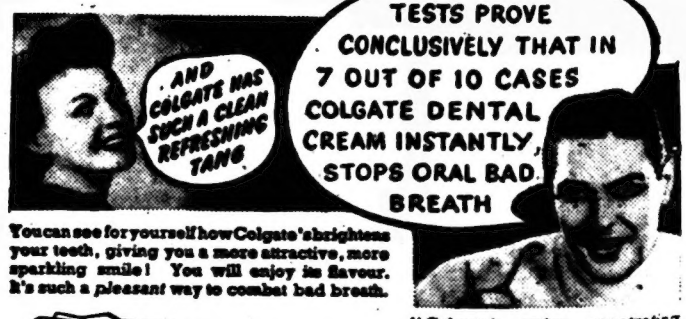
Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

CB/2G

MARY'S BOY FRIENDS KISS AND RUN!

Bad breath is such a snake in the grass. Its victims get heartache after heartache — without realising why. So don't take risks. Use Colgate Dental Cream — the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth.


AND COLGATE HAS SUCH A CLEAN REFRESHING TANG
TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH

You can see for yourself how Colgate's brightens your teeth, giving you a more attractive, more sparkling smile! You will enjoy its flavour. It's such a *pleasant* way to combat bad breath.

"Colgate's active *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath."

1/1 *Including Tax.*

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 12, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

GET READY

THE days are going too fast for Hitler. They are sweeping him towards the blinding whiteness and icy tortures of the Russian winter.

The days of easy conquest for the Japanese are over. On the plains of China, in the steamy jungles of the Solomons, the dupes of Tokio are in retreat.

But we, too, must beware lest Time outstrips our aim.

Next Year, Sometime, Never!

We cannot prepare at our leisure to take the offensive. Too bitterly do we know the folly of waiting for some propitious star to shine.

"Ah, but we shall be ready next year," is the comfort of fools, not the counsel of wise statesmen.

NOW, not next year, should Britain's leaders be ready to exploit any and every opportunity that opens!

Urgent

A sense of urgency should once more inspire their actions.

It would invoke throughout the country that spirit of grim determination with which—two years ago this week-end—the R.A.F. boys were clawing down from the skies a hundred and more Nazi 'planes a day.

Londoners were enduring nine-hour bombings by night, and all of us were ready for the invasion that Berlin had timed for Monday.

We did not then think of "next year."

Not Started

In that sunny September we won the fight for survival. Two years later, we have not begun to win the fight for victory.

But soon, perhaps very soon, it may be necessary for all our forces to go into action.

Tied Down

Soon, certainly, Hitler's armies will be floundering in mud. So that unless they push back the Russians beyond the Volga in the next few weeks their main forces will again be immobilised by winter.

Once more they will be a prey to General Frost—and to Generals Timoshenko and Zhukov. And once more their flank will be exposed to an attack by Britain.

Drive for Oil

Now imagine the worst! Suppose the Caucasus should be over-run and the pipe-line towns of Baku and Batum be captured!

The enemy would gain all the oil he needs. He would be stronger in materials than ever before.

Moreover, if Stalingrad falls our ally will be seriously weakened.

Quick Action

Either way, he would be able to bring back strong forces to Europe, to threaten us again with invasion, and thus tie down our hands.

Plainly, we should be ready to forestall him. We should be able to begin the counter-offensive before he could exploit his gains.

Alexander or Rommel!

At any moment, too, Egypt might claim all our attention, for the present battle is critical.

If Rommel should win it, we should have to throw in all our resources to save the Middle East and the Russian flank.

If Alexander defeats the German armour, he should be so reinforced that he can advance to Tripoli—and beyond.

China Moves On

In the Far East, Japan is having to recast her policy.

Not enough importance has been given in Britain to the steady advance of the astonishing Chinese.

They are now cut off from the outside world. Yet they are clearing out the Japanese not merely from one or two "Bomb Tokio" towns, but from a whole province.

Threat to Japan

Moreover, they are advancing up the coast that offers us the best base for an attack on Japan. It is in fact only 600 miles from Japan.

We should be ready to fly fleets of bombers to that base. And, should more of Japan's naval armadas be smashed by the Americans, we should be able to recapture Burma, and thus send tanks and guns to China.

Will Tojo Attack!

On the other hand, a desperate Japanese assault on Russia's eastern frontier still seems imminent.

In this respect, also, we must be ready in case Russia should require us to stage a great diversion.

United Strategy

Are we ready? Are we prepared to act quickly?

No doubt there was agreement on strategy in the Moscow meetings.

But there is no sign yet of a united strategy; there is no assurance that military representatives of all the United Nations will be in constant session.

Modern Methods

Nor is there, in Britain itself, any sign of absolute *unity* in military action by which alone can a total war be won.

Our best generals should work side by side with our best air marshals and admirals. Not to discuss routine questions or organisation, but to plan strategic operations against the enemy.

At present, this is just what they do not do.

Bring In Science!

Obviously, too, they should be advised in their choice of new mechanical methods by the finest scientific brains available. At present, again, they do not receive such advice.

The Air Ministry, certainly, has an advisory panel of scientific experts. The War Office and the Admiralty have not.

So the R.A.F. has been able to keep technically ahead of the enemy. Has the War Office? Has the Navy?

Air Soldiers

It is to be hoped that the War Office has tactics to answer the new German method of "armoured squares." It is to be hoped that the Army is prepared to use airborne troops on an extensive scale.

Dieppe, successful though it was, might have been an easier target had we employed not only tanks but bombers and troop-carrying 'planes.

Fresh Minds

It might even be an advantage if the best of our "war time soldiers" were allowed to influence operations.

We have no general of to-day who was a civilian in 1938. Yet it is conceivable that a brilliantly successful civilian of those days might prove a brilliant soldier; he might have a fresher mind than professional soldiers who have had to devote much of their time to the deadening intricacies of Army routine.

Save to Win

On the Home Front, a fresh and determined drive should be made to secure the materials with which an army fights.

It is now an offence to waste rubber. But rubber, vital and scarce as it is, is not the only material we must save.

Salvage of *all* materials needs to be reckoned as important as food distribution.

Total War

In short, the Home Front should be put on a total war basis.

The country needs to be convinced that the Old Order has been expunged, that muddling through has been succeeded by proper organisation, that we are preparing to win the fight for Victory and Peace as resolutely as we won the Battle of Britain two years ago.

Four Freedoms

Australia has made a bold gesture, almost unnoticed here, by proposing to incorporate the "Four Freedoms" in its constitution.

That pledge of the New World to come should be seconded in Britain.

Our leaders would invigorate public confidence by underwriting JOHN BULL'S insistence on "The right of the people to justice and truth"; add freedom to those rights, and there would be the framework on which to base the plans for the democracy of the future!

President Roosevelt has the right ideas. Have our leaders?

Spring Clean

We need a freshening breeze to blow through the stuffy rooms of Whitehall and Westminster.

Too much dust has settled on old official policies—and old official minds. New ideas, new methods, a new spirit of urgent resolve, are necessary for the titanic conflict through which we shall evolve the New World that we have promised to all the peoples of the earth.

Time the Ally

To emerge victoriously from the conflict, our leaders must be quick to strike at the enemy with the maximum power and at the first opportunity

It will not be a guarantee of victory merely to "bide our while" through the winter Time is of value only to those who know how to use it

(Continued overleaf)

RICH?

● **The rich are poorer and the poor richer, according to Sir Kingsley Wood.**

We doubt if his figures will comfort the public.

True, fewer people are receiving more than £1,000 a year. True, more people are receiving from £125 to £500 a year.

And even after paying tax, says Sir Kingsley, the latter have actually been richer by £700,000,000 since 1938.

Indeed?

But that vast sum is largely explained by the fact that so many more millions of our people are now at work—including an army of women drawing wages for the first time.

The lower-paid workers—those getting from £125 to £250 a year—are better off only by an average of 12s. a week.

That increase is more than swallowed by rises in the cost of food, gas, coal, electricity, clothes, fares and trade equipment. And, in addition, income tax now has to be paid on such lowly earnings!

As for the very wealthy, they are willing to lose part of their income temporarily, so long as they can preserve the private ownership of the sources of wealth: sources that are improving their capital values.

In short, Sir Kingsley's statement does nothing to invalidate JOHN BULL'S demand for a minimum living wage for every worker.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

OVER

£76,000 ALREADY PAID!

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MEANWHILE our leaders make calls on us for sacrifice.

There are those new and drastic cuts in passenger services—particularly 'bus services running in competition with quite adequate train services.

Let the Ministry of War Transport study war workers first, other workers next, and pleasure-seekers last of all, and few will grumble.

People to Study

We've got to save more petrol. We've got to save more rubber. We've got to help the immense American army that is coming with transport.

So these traffic cuts are essential, no matter how they interfere with our private comfort and pleasure.

But we've also got to make sure that the workers on whom so much depend reach their munition factories—to time. and with as little discomfort as possible.

He Suffers Too

We called on the Man in Charge of the Transport of Workers—at his office in London.

Buses have been taking him to and from his work throughout the war.

He has been elbowed off them by shoppers, snail-crawled at five miles an hour to keep to schedule, and even left behind.

And now his own 'bus service is to go, and for the first time in his life he has to travel by a train service he doesn't like.

To Help Russia

But he knows the difficulties. The fleets are getting old and the Ministry cannot order new vehicles as it pleases.

There is an acute shortage of spare parts, because the machines for making them are keeping Russia supplied with deadlier things.

Staffing is a growing problem, for you must find fit people for this tough all-weathers job.

And *you*, he tells us, don't always play your part.

Not Your Fault

No use slanging the conductor if the service lets you down.

Tell your employer. Ask him to get in touch with the company, and, if the company is powerless to remedy matters, with the Regional Transport Commissioner.

Most big works have committees which wheedle the best travel facilities possible from the authorities.

Your firm failing to help you, the responsibility for being late ceases, in wartime, to be yours.

Priority Man

He convinced us that the much-abused Ministry of War Transport is doing big things within its limited means.

But we'd find it hard to convince a war-worker left stranded in pouring rain.

Particularly when he has been crowded off his 'bus by people who shouldn't be on it.

That man knows that no matter how few buses are left running, he has first right to space on them—and, given that right, will endure inconvenience with a smile.

Colour Bar

More un-British still, this: Thousands of coloured troops are pouring into the country to find dance-halls and other social centres closed to them.

Managements responsible are not many, but these coloured lads, always unusually sensitive to affront, are apt to judge the mass of us by the insulting few.

So we applaud those high-principled white people who are themselves finding it "inconvenient" to attend functions which perpetuate the Colour Bar.

Ex-Soldiers Snubbed

You can admit an out-and-out rogue to a dance in Londonderry, but not some nice, smiling sailor, soldier or airman with a coal-black mammy in Tennessee.

The City Fathers ordain it. They have even barred coloured men from British Legion dances after men who fought the last war have pleaded for the right to entertain them.

We are glad to hear from the local branch of the Legion that it is going to give those boys a good time or bust!

Qualified to Teach

But a Middlesex council school headmistress has that golden virtue of tolerance in big measure.

On school reopening day thirty mothers bringing their infants for the first time had to produce birth certificates.

"Please file up with them folded so that I can satisfy myself of each child's date of birth," she said. "The rest is the business of nobody but you mothers."

Marry—and Go!

Curious that there are local authorities which refuse such sensible women the right to marry—especially in war time!

A Scottish girl, a University graduate, is engaged to a man who has just "passed out" for R.A.F. flying duties.

Aberdeen Education Committee, accepting her as a teacher, tells her "employment will terminate on marriage."

Yet some authorities make a shortage of teachers the excuse for getting one woman to take three classes simultaneously!

Actions Speak Louder—

Then we hear from a "rush" aerodrome construction job that a gang refused to unload two lorryloads of cement, although the mixers were idle for want of material.

While the "heads" cajoled and threatened, however, two young Londoners did the job themselves, without thought of payment.

A small act, perhaps—but we think so highly of it, as a national example, that we give the names of the young stalwarts: Charles Diggins, 19, Montem Road, Forest Hill, and B. Farley, 78, Finn House, Beveden Street, Shoreditch.

For My Lady

Board of Trade officials should visit some of these sites.

Black Market touts badger Irish labourers for their clothing coupons, knowing they arrive with all the clothes they need.

Books of coupons fetch from 15s. to 25s. each, and find their way to fashionable women who, war or no war, and whatever the cost, are determined to look dressed for Ascot.

More Skill, Less Pay

And the Ministry of Labour should drop in on munition factories and investigate the fantastic variations in engineers' wage rates.

In some factories they'll find unskilled men who didn't know a spanner from a chisel when war broke out, and whose work is repetitive, getting double the money of highly skilled engineers of long experience.

In spite of people who think engineers are war time millionaires, some of the cleverest are definitely under-paid.

Wasted Experts

And they'll find men of high engineering attainment doing work of little or no importance to the war effort.

Workers at one factory, for instance, tell us how one of the best machine tool fitters, who is reserved because he is registered as such, has been appointed chauffeur to the boss.

How many valuable technicians are sacrificed to private vanities?

Q.M.S. Goes Labouring

And official wastage of man-power still goes on.

You'd think an ex-quartermaster-sergeant, age 38, a skilled Lewis gun and rifle instructor and one of the best shots in the South of England, would be of some use to the R.A.F.

But, no. Although they accepted him for service eighteen months ago, he heard no more.

Until the other day, when he was directed to take up work as a farm labourer.

Snub to Brains

Now view the case of Mr. C. T. Allen, whom anybody in Wales will tell you is one of the best engineers in the country.

He has helped build and operate explosive works, was one of the Big Three of one of the largest electrical undertakings in the country, has a list of engineering achievements that would fill this column.

Ministries have availed themselves of his help since the war—yet, because he has turned sixty, the Ministry of Labour has decided that his professional experience isn't wanted.

Contrast

In some Army camps you can see men round about the forties puffing and panting round Commando courses—and making a good show.

Yet this Ministry of Labour of ours seems to think that healthy, alert professional men of sixty are quite incapable of sitting at an office desk and doing work in which they have a lifetime of experience.

So output suffers. And so the man-power shortage gets worse.

Wasteful Economy

And we don't like the bit of news from far-away Arbroath about townspeople who were told to fill baths, buckets and tins with water, as the supply was to be cut off for an afternoon to conserve supplies.

People duly obeyed, but the supply was not cut off.

So they emptied the precious liquid into their gardens!

Who Fans Him!

It would be waste of space for us to comment on an advertisement in a Manchester newspaper.

It reads:

"Director of firm engaged on essential work requires person to serve his meals in private office from firm's canteen between 8.30 a.m. and 5 p.m. daily!"

Behind the News

● **Desperate that we shall not learn of their invasion anxieties, Nazis have destroyed all pigeons and lofts within sixty miles of Channel coast. Death penalty now for anyone owning a homing bird.**

● *Berlin considered a Home Guard for occupied countries recruited from "trusted" Quislingites. But Rundstedt killed the idea, said that as events were going he dare not trust anyone outside the German forces with arms.*

● Nazi appointment of General Model to command a whole German army reveals Hitler's fears about second winter war in Russia. Model is defence expert, who invented "hedgehogs," which, the Nazi Press admitted, prevented disaster to German armies last winter.

● **Berliners are more worried about prospect of intensified air attacks on German capital, seeing that Soviet air raids have disproved ingenious Nazi rumours about alleged German-British agreement not to bomb capital.**

● *Gestapo now demands all clergy outside Germany shall submit texts of sermons. No Bible quotation permitted which can point a moral against invaders or encourage populations to unite.*

● **Even German officials in occupied countries—particularly in Poland—are now feeling the pinch of hunger. Food trains for Nazi troops have been ambushed by bands of hungry guerillas.**

● *Goebbels admits Germany is facing another bad harvest next year. Only 75 per cent. available acreage has been cultivated, owing to shortage of labour and seeds.*

● **German housewives, who never got full announced rations, are now getting less. Nazi Government is supplying grocers only with two-thirds of their quotas, forbids them to mention this cut, and orders them to take the blame for any shortages.**

● *Payments exacted by Nazis for "protection" exceed normal budgets of the "protected" countries by between 200 per cent. and 300 per cent. France pays 450,000,000 francs a day—10 per cent. of which is a rake-off shared between the Laval and Abetz cliques.*

● **Four hundred of every 1,000 French prisoners of war sent home by Germany (one prisoner repatriated for every French worker supplied) return so emaciated that they go direct to hospital. Half will never recover good health.**

● *Japan now more anxious than Germans at growing Russian long-distance air-bombing policy. Soviet 'planes used are "Molotov Molochs," with range and bomb load that could batter Tokyo from bases well out of reach of any Jap attack.*

● **Fight for monopoly in production of German fighters is going on between Professor Junkers and Willy Messerschmitt. Intrigues have created muddle in allocation of raw material and production setbacks.**

SHAMEFULLY UNPREPARED . . .

THERE'S a highly dangerous doctrine about. It is as dangerous as blind, unquestioning pacifism.

"Don't bother about anything but winning the war. Time enough for planning the future afterwards."

Those words stir memory.

We were told "Time enough!" once before.

We entered the war shamefully unprepared.

And, if the war should end to-morrow, we should find ourselves just as shamefully unprepared for peace.

"Time enough" will not do.

For we are not fighting for mere Victory—not the crown of laurels of a Roman conquest.

We, and the United Nations fighting by our side, and those who have to hit at the enemy in dark places in the over-run countries of Europe, seek Victory with a purpose—a whole set of purposes.

To win, and see those purposes unachieved, would not mean Victory at all.

How to ensure that dual accomplishment?

Peace *terms* can wait, but peace *plans* cannot.

And there has been all too little peace *planning* to date.

There was the Atlantic Charter. It raised our hopes high.

An end to aggression. No more monopolising of the world's riches by this nation or that.

No poor people. And no poor nations.

Improved labour standards. Social security. And so much more that even the optimists among us thought might never be more than dreams.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By the Editor

We, with many of our allies, pledged ourselves to this.

But, with so little heard about it since, it isn't extraordinary that people wonder.

Then we have peace-planned to the extent of considering the rushing of food to the starving countries of Europe as soon as hostilities cease.

Yes, we will give them bread. God knows, we would like to give them it now, and know that it wouldn't go to swell the stomachs of their oppressors.

But they will expect something more—and deserve something more.

They will be so little able to help themselves when they see the backs of the enemy.

They will be left with the mere husks of their countries. They will scarcely know where to begin.

Whereas we shall have something left to plan with.

The luckier countries will have to send them something more than food ships!

What a world it will be!

It will be a tired world—perhaps too tired to cheer and "maffick" as it did last time.

It will be an angry world. We have still got to think out how to keep passions in check.

It will be a world that has proved itself, in the war years, to be able to produce an apparently limitless quantity of consumable goods.

WHAT an opportunity for countries that have built up a vast war production to keep the once-oppressed countries out of world markets!

That is, until those countries, driven to finding markets somehow, exploited their ability to employ their people at hitherto undreamt-of wages!

There will still be greed in this post-war world. We may even find nations still seeking private empires of economic power.

Certainly, despite the promise of the Atlantic Charter of "access on equal terms to the raw materials of the world," you will still have individual States seeking to steal an advantage.

How, then, to *start* the world right the moment the war ends, before grabbing has begun.

By proper peace planning—beginning *now*!

Equal access to raw materials is not enough.

What will raw materials matter to a country left without ships, without railway trucks, without the machinery with which to turn those materials into finished articles?

The oppressed countries will want *resources* as well.

And Mr. Walter Nash, New Zealand Minister to the U.S., a recent blunt, plain-speaking visitor to this country, has told how those resources can be supplied.

The Allies should set up a World Reconstruction and Development Council.

That organisation should take over war production the moment the war ends, and keep it at peak.

Not to enable one country to "down" another, a result you might expect if planning for the future is left until victory has been won.

The war factories of the United Nations would be kept working to provide the peoples of the world with everything they want to enable them to recover and survive.

Our Government should listen carefully to Mr. Nash.

HE was dismayed, while here recently, to find how little we are looking into the future.

And well he might be.

For some of our Ministers oppose peace planning. That's one reason why nothing is being done.

One or two of them belong to the let's-get-the-war-won-first school.

There are others who don't believe in planning at all.

Planning? Pooh! That would mean each country would be but part of a vast machine.

Each person would be but a cog.

Human values would disappear. It would be bad for culture. And so on.

Just talk—and insincere talk at that—to encourage you and millions of others to fall back into old ways and not grow up to expect too much.

But Mr. George Hicks, who is appropriately Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works and Planning, doesn't think along those lines.

He wants this generation to be the Rebuilding Generation from this day on.

He wants it to do more than undo the harm wrought by two terrible wars.

He would have it leave this world an even better place than it would have been if there had been no wars at all.

His present ministerial planning is on national lines, but, when we start in earnest on international peace planning, Mr. George Hicks must not be forgotten.

There is so much to plan and so little time.

Millions throughout the world suffered poverty, unemployment and despair between 1918 and 1939 because our civilisation was commodity-rich and consumption-poor.

And war, which teaches us to produce more and consume less, tends to aggravate that ill.

So we've got to set the whole world consuming.

It calls for a higher standard of living for all, for a *planned*, all-round improvement of international trade.

President Roosevelt's greatest act of genius was to give the world Lease-Lend, an entirely new feature of economics designed to help a hard-pressed neighbour at war.

We might well re-design Lease-Lend to help our hard-pressed neighbour at peace—to enable him to consume, knowing that the whole world will be better for his getting the good things of life.

Peoples yearn for this planning for peace.

But governments lag. Our own government lags worse than any.

Yet only chattering imbeciles can believe that by planning for peace you impair your chances of winning the war.

It is nothing less than showing the ultimate prize to the people who are fighting and working for victory, whether in the free countries, the oppressed countries or the dark alleys and by-ways of Germany itself.

A glittering prize, indeed.

Seeing it, they will not weaken. They will look at it for a moment and then bend to the task with new resolve.

DETAILS OF A WEST AFRICAN NAZI DREAM

FOR nearly two years a powerful Nazi Fifth Column in West Africa had big Swastika flags ready to unfurl in celebration of a German army of occupation.

But these same Nazi leaders in their various disguises have also recently been anxiously looking across the Atlantic towards the Western Hemisphere.

For they fear an allied armada may arrive from that quarter to drive them out.

Hitler has kept his eyes firmly fixed on the Western tip of the Dark Continent and on Dakar, that distant mystery town, destined beyond doubt to play a vital part in the world war.

Next Victims

Algiers, Morocco, Tunisia were strategical prizes which he was determined to conquer as soon as he had defeated Metropolitan France.

He went about his plan in the usual way, sending an advance guard of Axis agents, Fifth Columnists, propagandists and spies. The first batch arrived as members of the so-called German Armistice Commission, and took possession of the biggest hotels of Oran, Casablanca and Marakesh. They wore the uniform of German officers and their purpose was not to engage in diplomatic negotiations. They busied themselves mapping out the land, recruiting native quislings, bribing, cajoling, threatening the natives into collaboration.

When they did not feel equal to the job, Hitler reinforced them with French generals and officers whom he graciously released from German prison camps under the condition that they would collaborate with the Germans in West Africa.

The Armistice Commission and the Vichy Frenchmen set to work. They imported thousands of Continental refugees and forced them to do slave-labour building the strategically important trans-Sahara railway along which, the Nazi press has freely admitted, Hitler hopes one day to transport the riches of Central Africa to starving Europe.

Importance of Africa

How important this part of the world was to Hitler can be gauged from the personalities whom he entrusted with the organisation of West Africa for Nazi purposes.

To Tangier he sent Rieth, Fifth Column leader in many Continents, and ordered him to keep an eye on Gibraltar.

Rieth had not only organised the murder of Dollfuss in Austria in 1934; he had also been sent to the United States after the Americans got rid of the diplomatic Nazi spies in German Embassies and Consulates.

The American authorities soon branded him as a dangerous Nazi agent, and turned him out of the country. It may not be long before the soil of Africa becomes too hot for him, too.

Watch West Africa!

W. F.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Ministry of Home Security

DEAR MADAM,—You need not doubt that the women of Britain are willing—even anxious—to do their duty as citizens by becoming fire guards.

Yet your order for their compulsory enlistment is causing perplexity and bad feeling.

Frankly, I'm not surprised.

Let me first put to you a man's view—and it is typical of what millions of men are thinking.

"If I'm on duty in the suburbs and my daughters and wife are on the roof-tops down in the city, I'm afraid my thoughts will be more on their safety than on any bombs that might fall in my area."

Reprehensible, perhaps. But natural. It can be overcome only if you state that, wherever possible, men will be posted to the target areas.

Some city authorities are taking this for granted. Others insist that women must automatically be posted to any danger area now short of guards.

With the result that at least one city council is split on the issue and there is general confusion.

Busy though she is, a big new job confronts her. She'll have to cut out the Fire Guard muddle!

Next, there is ill-feeling because aliens (both men and women) are exempt from fire guard.

If they are considered too dangerous to help protect the country that has given them refuge, then obviously they should not be allowed at large. And yet, paradoxically, they are able to volunteer as wardens!

Finally, there is the question of adequate training.

Months have elapsed since you decreed that all guards should be properly coached. But the training has yet to begin!

It is more than ever essential now that Goering's tip-and-run boys are dropping at least one new type of incendiary.

Most definitely, this latest type of fire-bomb calls for careful and well-rehearsed attack. But the only training that millions of guards have had is the elementary operation of the stirrup-pump.

All of which is just not good enough.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord de la WARR, Industrial Health Research Board

MY LORD,—Though unnoticed by most of the newspapers, the report issued by your Board last week should interest at least twelve million people in this country.

And it should be read twice over by every employer.

We all know that accidents-at-work have increased steeply. The toll on life and limb is frankly alarming.

For twenty years, experts have been seeking a test that would pick out those workers who are more likely to be involved in accidents than other people. Well, your investigators have solved that problem.

The test they have devised should be applied to all new recruits for dangerous jobs.

You prove that young folk quickly become tired on routine work.

But if the work is varied, or if they are sent away from the bench for a moment or two to fetch material, they are less prone to fatigue and therefore less prone to accidents.

As you hint, too many employers regard industrial accidents as inevitable. But if they listen to your experts' advice, work should become safer and less boring.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P., Secretary for Foreign Affairs

DEAR SIR,—I invite you to return to the limelight. I urge you to confirm the public's estimation of your capabilities by becoming a revolutionary.

Long ago, you may remember, the people were told that the Foreign Office would be opened to "new blood."

But it is still shut to all but the languid scions of Eton and Harrow. It is still populated by the effete representatives of an age that was ended by the advent of Hitler and his fellows.

I am not going to mince my words. The Foreign Office in recent years has been a dismal failure, a survival of the easy-going Victorian days, an easy victim for Dr. Schact.

So reform would not be premature. Indeed, it must be made quickly if our hopes of a better world and a better Britain are to be realised.

Our home affairs—social reform, the abolition of unemployment, reduction of taxation—all depend on our foreign policy.

But the Foreign Office has always disdained economics. Though a small section was set up some years ago to obtain political and economic reports from overseas, it has been quite ineffective in moulding policy. And the F.O.'s meddling in B.B.C. propaganda to the countries overseas has been singularly unsuccessful.

Therefore, clear out the Dieh.rds—and do it now!—JOHN BULL.

Lord HALIFAX, Ambassador to the U.S.A.

MY LORD,—Perhaps it was on your advice that the Postmaster-General banned the import into Britain of food parcels from the U.S.A.

But, despite the ban, I fear that shipping space will still be wasted by bringing these parcels across the Atlantic—even if they are trapped and impounded by the Customs officials on this side.

For the foreign-language newspapers in New York still contain display advertisements appealing to generous Americans to send food to these shores.

Oddly, most of these advertisements are inserted by people with German names.

I am sure they are deprecated by the majority of decent German and Austrian refugees from oppression who are enjoying our hospitality.

None the less, it is likely to give a false impression of our food situation if a few greedy refugees are allowed to ask our allies to send food to British addresses.

I suggest, now that you are back in Washington, you should tactfully ask American editors to refuse such appeals.

Tell them that we're not starving and would rather our transatlantic shipping be given up to the transport of weapons with which to smash Hitlerism!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILL LAWTHER, Mineworkers' Federation

DEAR PRESIDENT,—Evidently you are not satisfied with the present situation in the mines. Nor am I.

Rightly and roundly you castigate the slackers in the pits. But what of the slackers in the managerial offices and in Whitehall?

We shall not get maximum production until bad management is reduced to a minimum. How long shall we have to wait for that?

Months ago the public was told that miners would be appointed to the production committees at every mine.

All very fine to hear. But the fact is that the production committees have not yet been appointed at many, many of our 1,900 mines.

So the miners cannot produce more coal because there are not enough tubs for them to fill, or because the haulage system is obsolete, or just because of rank bad management.

Again, we were told that every regional coal controller would be advised by a technical expert.

Well, some of the controllers have been appointed—but there is still no word of the production experts who are to assist them. I suppose they'll be appointed when the war is over!

Unless, that is to say, your powerful organisation makes it clear that it will brook no more delay by the lackadaisical gentry of Whitehall.

Speak your mind!—JOHN BULL.

Bowler Hats and Blindness

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

I MET a highly-placed Army officer the other day—a man who holds a key job in the strategic pattern of our Fighting Forces.

We were discussing the ruthlessness of "bowler-hatting"—that term which in ordinary life is called the "sack."

"Yes," said the officer, "it can be—and is—ruthless. Some time ago I was in the unhappy position of informing my second-in-command that he had been relieved of his duties.

"We were old friends. We had soldiered together for many years. Our association went back beyond the last war.

"But my friend had to go. The increased tempo of the war machine was too much for him. He just couldn't handle the job. And in these days the man who is not up to his job has to go."

The officer confessed that the "bowler-hatting" of his friend was the most difficult task he'd ever had to do. And that was saying something, because I knew that this officer had survived the shell-swept, bomb-torn beaches of Dunkirk.

What I did not say—though I thought it—was that the officer who could not handle the job should never have been appointed to it.

You will usually find that the most successful man in life, whether he is an Army commander or the king-pin of a great industry, has the superlative quality of picking the right men for the executive posts in the organisation he controls.

That gift, I am sure, makes or mars men. No leader, without the right executives to help him, can hope to retain leadership.

★ ★ ★

Nor can he hope to win battles, either strategic or industrial, without the knowledge that the authority he has delegated to his assistants is being fully utilised in the right direction.

Most men, however humble their position, have in their circle of friends or acquaintances someone who has got out of the rut. He is what the world calls a "success."

But what most of those people don't realise is that the "success" might have stayed in the rut but for a fortunate encounter with a man who has the intuition of sensing the latent possibilities in others.

You'll find the truth of that in all phases of life. Delve into the history of literature.

You'll read how certain authors, after years of struggle against poverty and adversity, have achieved fame, sometimes lasting, sometimes transient, because a publisher saw in their work qualities that other publishers had not discerned.

You will find such cases multiplied a thousandfold in industry, science and commerce.

★ ★ ★

How often it has happened, and still happens, that a man leaving one firm to join another, finds himself assessed at last at his true worth and his feet firmly planted on the rungs of the ladder to success.

And how often, when he is proving his ability to do a big job well, does the firm that let him go reproach itself for lack of vision and appreciation.

These are the blunderers who did not give the right man a chance—probably a more grievous error than pushing the wrong man forward.

It is true that the right man cannot be found until he has been tested. But more important is the fact that the leader with the gift of picking the right man rarely makes a mistake.

Lessons from the Battle Fronts

★ Thousands of miles divide the War Office from the various battle zones; but thanks to modern science information which may revolutionise fighting methods can be flashed to London at lightning speed. A miraculous net-work of communications is being used to speed the day of victory

General Alexander has been quick to exploit lessons learned in action

By JOHN CASHEL

ON goes the red light in Signals Room, War Office, London!

It is the red light of urgency and priority . . . an important message from the battlefield is being received.

Split-second minds in Signals Room break into a sweat of cold excitement and rapt concentration. They forget all else.

Invisible mechanical "fingers" tap away inside a tape machine as it picks up the wireless Morse in cipher.

The message from the ether punches paper tape with dots and dashes, and automatically the machine translates the Morse into typewritten strips.

A robot typist is taking down from dictation over the radio—through thousands of miles of sky as that message comes from Middle East Command.

It is still in cipher. So man takes over from the machine, and the mechanical hum alone breaks the pin-drop hush as the human mind swiftly works against seconds at the job of deciphering. In minutes that message is on its way "to all departments concerned." Almost instantaneously . . . as fast as wireless waves travel . . . Middle East Command has been talking to London.

In theory, if not in practice, even a forward-post soldier facing Rommel's men in Egypt can do so within minutes. A complete wireless chain stretches all the way back from him to Whitehall.

Actually, his original message passes in an ascendant line through higher and higher commanders, who each in turn can alone decide its importance.

Speed is Essential

Speed is the essence of modern war, but few of us realise just how "streamlined" it has become.

We are apt to think in terms of distance; of the 3,000 miles separating us in the home country from Egypt by the Mediterranean or 12,000 by the Cape.

Yet any discovery—like the use of a new weapon by Rommel—can reach the ears of Winston Churchill as Minister of Defence in a few minutes, or, at most, hours.

Let's follow that message from its simplest beginning along that Magic Chain of dots and dashes. . . .

In a forwardmost area of the battlefield a couple of company signallers with their pack wireless, or a crew with a set in their tank, learn something they think important.

They start it over the two miles or so range of their instrument on its journey to company H.Q.

Then, if it proves of such supreme importance that it is destined to go the whole length of the chain, it soon passes the headquarter links of battalion, brigade, division, corps, Army command in Cairo, Middle East Command, War Office, Minister of Defence, War Cabinet.

The human factor, in deciding its importance, alone lengthens the theoretical minutes in which it can reach Downing Street.

To speed up the search for and assessment of vital information, Britain has evolved a swiftly mobile new force of Intelligence men unsurpassed in any army.

I saw some of the work of these "I" men during a visit to the Home Forces, which have supplied others for similar activities on the desert sands of Egypt.

They are experts in weighing up the value of information, and to get it they go up to and behind the enemy lines by the fastest Army transport that speeds by land or air.

They are the link between the foremost fringe of action and the mobile commander moving in his H.Q.-on-wheels, an innocent looking truck housing him and his chief of staff. It is equipped with wireless receiver and transmitter, and keeps him in constant touch with everything happening in his command. Land-lines afford an alternative means of communication, and form an intricate network over and behind the battlefield. They are laid with a rapidity never before equalled, a classic Libyan example being when General Ritchie swept into Benghazi in his first campaign and the cable caught up with his tanks the same day.

But no land-line can match the wireless in providing the modern mobile commander with a medium for speech and hearing wherever he is at every moment of his time.

This Magic Chain makes possible the learning and transmission of the war's lessons at breathless speed no less than the conduct of battles.

And nobody seems to marvel when its message is typed out on a Middle East machine thousands of miles away, fed into a transmitter by high-speed transmission . . . and a few moments later is being typed out on another machine in Signals Room, War Office, London.

Just as simply, swiftly and surely as in the Dieppe raid, radio operators sat under bullet and shell-swept cliffs sending a running commentary of the combat to the H.Q. ship at sea and to London.

Many Wave-lengths

"Jamming" over short or long distances is not the serious menace you may suppose, as secret and constantly varying wave-lengths are used, and they take some finding by the enemy.

By two slower methods—air mail and personal visits from front-line men—the Army gets its war lessons home from the desert battlefront.

Airfields of Malta and Gib. make a direct and fast air service possible, in spite of anything the waning power of the *Luftwaffe* can do. Adequate precautions are taken for the destruction of precious information in the event of mishap.

More complete still, information arrives in person, as when General Ritchie brought a detailed account of crucial operations to Mr. Churchill.

Production lessons come no slower than operational ones now that scientific and engineering observers are on the battlefield.

Whether wirelessed to Signals Room or air-mailed, or brought personally, all war lessons are hastened to the Office of the Director of Military Operations and Intelligence, and find their way as "liaison letters" to all concerned.

Matters of supreme moment pass upwards *viâ* the C.I.G.S. to Mr. Churchill and the War Cabinet.

Some involving decisions by the Army Council on changes in training and tactics filter downwards to the commands and their battle drill schools, and finally to the Home Guard.

New Ideas

Battle drill schools have revolutionised the rapidity at which lessons can be put into practice with "man and weapon on the ground" under realistic conditions.

They are themselves one of the best-learned lessons of the war, for which chief thanks go to the new Middle East Commander, General Alexander, who drew up the suggestions for them after Dunkirk.

It was while visiting Southern Command—where General Alexander put the Dunkirk lesson into practice by starting the first Battle Drill School in Britain—that a general showed me the revolutionary text-book thus evolved.

It included many sketches for new tactical methods drawn by General Alexander himself.

It set down in minute detail a basic battle drill through which every soldier "knows what to do next," instead of leaving him to interpret former vague instructions in his own way and being bewildered when others interpreted them differently.

I saw the Army's new infiltration drill in progress—within a week or two of our learning of the methods used by the Japs in Malaya continents away.

By making ten-men sections so independent that they elusively infiltrated through our lines in innumerable self-contained units the Japs had put a "fast one" over on us. No use blinking that fact.

But neither should we grudge our Battle Drill Schools the credit for the lesson-learning speed with which they acted.

These schools by-pass the old theoretical system of "Tewts" (tactical exercises without troops), of false economy days, and at comparatively infinitesimal cost provide a medium through which picked instructional troops can constantly and practically apply many lessons taught less easily at intermittent mass manœuvres costing millions.

Combined operations between such schools and that wireless typewriter tapping away under the red light in Signals Room enable what the "I" men learn on the sands of Egypt to be put into practice in a matter of days thousands of miles away.

Nothing that is German moves faster, or over so vast a distance!

THE 'MUSTANG' PROVES A REAL WINNER

GROUPS of men in field-grey uniform are massing. There are guns and tanks, and a group of armoured vehicles.

Suddenly someone points a startled finger, but before the others can follow his gaze, two long-nosed 'planes with square wing-tips swoop down on them, machine-guns stuttering.

Then with a shattering roar the engines open out and the 'planes are up and away without a shot having been fired at them.

North American Mustangs, those were!

The fastest Army co-operation 'planes in the world.

Swift Messages

As they ride homeward, their pilots are already talking by radio telephone to their base, and are simultaneously scribbling confirmatory messages of the enemy's strength and position, to be dropped in message bags a few minutes later as the 'planes sweep over their drome before turning to make a landing.

These are the British Army's new and faster eyes, and they are replacing the older co-operation 'planes as quickly as the Army Co-Operation Command can lay hands on them.

For the North American Mustang has everything that an Army co-operation 'plane can have.

Above all, it has an amazing speed at "zero" feet and is extraordinarily sensitive on its controls.

The Mustang is a high-powered, low-wing monoplane, its 1,150-h.p. Allison engine giving it a tremendously rapid climb and a top speed believed to be in the region of 400 m.p.h., though actual figures are still a secret.

It is in full production in the United States for the R.A.F., and supplies have been reaching this country in a steadily increasing stream for some time now.

Powerful Armament

Its powerful armament enables it to take very good care of itself if attacked, and to launch a hefty strafe on enemy troops and positions during reconnaissance.

It has played havoc in occupied territory in Europe, in attacks on anti-aircraft posts, power stations, radio stations, goods trains, and squads of German troops.

They have shown that they can take heavy punishment and live to fight another day.

One of them, flying over Occupied France, ran into some flak, and a shell hit its ammunition-box. The ammunition blew up, tore a hole in the wing and sent splinters flying around in all directions inside the 'plane.

But it didn't stop the Mustang returning home!

The Mustangs' first big chance to show their paces came with the Combined Operations raid on Dieppe—and they took it brilliantly.

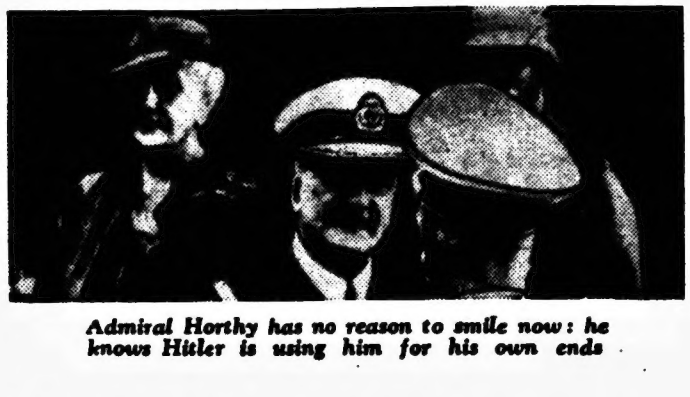
An almost continuous procession of them, flying at "zero" feet, covered the whole area of the operation and kept battle headquarters constantly informed by radio telephone of the fluctuating fortunes of the attack.

Flying at nearly 300 m.p.h. a few feet above the roads and fields behind the cliffs of the Dieppe coastline, they collected invaluable information of the enemy's dispositions and reinforcements.

Yes, the Mustang is the best thing of its type yet produced.

And it will have a vital rôle to play when the Second Front is opened.

★ On paper the list of Germany's so-called Allies may look formidable, but in actual fact few of them have any real heart in the campaigns they are compelled to wage on behalf of their Nazi masters



Admiral Horthy has no reason to smile now: he knows Hitler is using him for his own ends

The Axis Allies Grow Restive

THERE is trouble in the Axis camp—and the lesser fry of Hitler's armies in Russia, the Finns, Rumanians, Hungarians and Slovakians, are causing it.

They were never enthusiastic to die for Hitler. Their mood changed to complacency. And now complacency has become hostility.

And to-day they are engaged in a bit of fighting for which Goering, Bock and Runstedt award no medals.

These battles, silent, grim, desperate, are being waged inside the Axis camp. They are being fought by the little Hitlers of the Axis satellite countries against the real Hitler and his Germany.

And those who read between the lines of the Axis press can see the rifts which are swiftly developing into wide breaches.

No, the Axis is not a happy family just now.

We all know what it means when "diplomatic conversations" between Hitler and foreign statesmen are followed by visits of Himmler to this country or the other.

Secret Talks

That is exactly what happened in the case of Finland, which had the rare distinction of receiving Hitler in Helsinki.

Marshal Mannerheim was there to meet his Fuehrer, but little was announced of what they talked about.

Has Mannerheim told Hitler that the Finns are starving, that there are few, if any, able-bodied men left behind to carry on the nation's business and agriculture—or what is left of that once prosperous trade?

Whatever Mannerheim said, Hitler cannot have liked it. He cannot have enjoyed the veiled comments of the Finnish press, the Finnish declaration, so different from her German partner's war aims, that Finland wants no new territory.

These hints that fighting Finland is at the end of her tether have induced Hitler to send Himmler to Finland.

Himmler speaks an unmistakable language.

The S.S. Black Guard thugs in his company grin impertinently into the faces of their "hosts," offering them, as it were, hospitality in concentration camps and in the torture chambers of the S.S. barracks.

Where Himmler goes his mission, usually, is to crush resistance.

Same Fate as Poland

If Finland resists German demands to go on fighting on an empty stomach, Finland will be crushed like Poland as surely as if Germany had never called her an ally.

But Himmler will find it difficult to control the Finnish army, which has no gusto to fight Germany's war while their own country is starving.

More than 30,000 of them have already deserted to Russian lines, and the Nazis may soon need two Gestapo men for every Finnish soldier whom they force to fight for them.

Do not think, either, that Ribbentrop has gone to Budapest just to express his sympathy to Horthy after his son and Deputy Regent died.

That death, however it may have occurred, cannot have come as a surprise to Ribbentrop!

Horthy is old, over seventy. His bulky frame covers no strong constitution. The appointment of his son Stephan, a playboy, sportsman and industrialist, to be Deputy Regent, to succeed his father as heir to the throne of a Kingdom without a King, did not please Hitler.

He has long expected Hungary to fall into his lap, leaderless, helpless, as soon as Horthy dies. That new Deputy Regent did not fit into Hitler's plans.

Whether young Horthy died in one of those mysterious accidents which curiously befall Hitler's honoured but awkward friends and generals—who can tell?

But, mind you, the Deputy Regent, the Crown Prince of a Kingdom, was sent to the Russian battle-front as a fighting pilot. That, sooner or later, he would meet the fate of the best German airmen, better men than he in the air, was nearly certain.

An Unwanted Deputy

Horthy, obviously, will appoint another Deputy. I should not like to be in his shoes. For Hitler wants no new leader to follow Horthy in Hungary. And when death calls on old Horthy himself, Hitler will be there to inherit his kingless country.

He is, at the same time, dealing with another recalcitrant ally, Rumania.

We know his plans with regard to Rumania. Unluckily for Hitler the Rumanians know them too.

One of the Nazi bulls in the European china shop, Frank, Governor-General of Occupied Poland, then also German Minister of Justice, blabbered the secret.

"Individual sovereignty," he said, with a side-glance at Rumania, "is dangerous to smaller states!"

And at least one Rumanian paper, with surprising frankness among Axis friends, asked angrily whether it was worth while fighting on if at the end there would be no sovereignty for Rumania, anyway?

It was the first time that a Nazi leader openly admitted what we all know, that a victorious Germany wants to swallow up Europe, the world if it can, and needs no co-operation from friend or foe when the job has been done.

Rumania's treacherous statesmen, Antonescu and the puppy-puppet King Michael, did not like that.

A third of the whole Rumanian Army has already been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner by the Russians. Once Hitler has fought to the last Rumanian, it will be the last of Rumania.

Unhappy Relations

He has sacked Frank because of his indiscretion. But the cat is already out of the bag. It does not make for happy relations between Rumania and Germany.

Neither is Croatia very satisfied with her part as an Axis ally.

What armies this diminutive ridiculous creation of Hitler's whims can raise is, apart from a token Quisling force in the Eastern Front, engaged in a life-and-death struggle against the heroic Mihailovich and his Serbian guerillas.

And, after what Frank has said, can any Croatian believe that his country will survive the war in independence?

Not even the King of Croatia whom Hitler has appointed (the Italian Duke of Spoletto) wants the job. He has never set foot on the soil of his country.

Only the murderer, Pavlevich, and his associate, Kvaternik, swaggering about in copies of German uniforms, seem to enjoy their temporary rule over Croatia which, they know, is their only respite from inevitable execution.

Then Boris, the Quisling King, has rightly warned Hitler of the pro-Soviet sentiments of his people. He travels to and from Hitler's H.Q.

But the result of all his conversations is—nil. Apart from aerodromes, Hitler seems to be getting nothing out of Bulgaria, except, perhaps, a bit of strong tobacco!

Hitler's Satisfaction

That leaves only Slovakia. That country of just over three million people has put "all its strength, energy, resources, man-power" into the fight. That is a quotation from official Nazi sources. Hitler is happy about Slovakia.

As he looks around among his friends of the European Axis, this seems to be the only fact to give him satisfaction.

POINTS

HITLER has heralded the coming of the fourth winter of the war. He has heralded it, not with the customary prophecies that victory is imminent, but with commands for winter sacrifices on the home front.

No fanfares of triumph. No hysterical announcement of the "annihilation" of the enemy.

No declaration that "the war in the west (or the east) is over." No assurance that the armies will be home by Christmas.

Nothing but the grim fact that the war goes on and another winter has to be faced.

The change of tone will not be lost upon the German people. They will recall that giddy moment in August, 1940, when the first troops back from the war marched through Unter den Linden amid the frenzied acclamations of the populace.

They were the vanguard of the returning host. The blitzkrieg had triumphed. "The war in the West was over," and Christmas would see Germany mistress of the world and all the armies back in the bosoms of their families. But the vision faded. No more legions came back.

One night the triumphal arches and processional glories erected to greet them were secretly removed. They have never been put up again.

★ ★ ★

It was the end of the first phase. Hitler's programme had been blown to bits in the Battle of Britain, and the second winter of the war followed.

But there was to be no third. Foiled in his original plan, Hitler mounted his new campaign on a scale that was to be irresistible.

In six weeks he would dictate his peace terms from Moscow, and with the Russian army destroyed, he would launch his invincible might against his last enemy in the autumn. All would be over before winter.

And again he was wrong. Again his programme was smashed to smithereens, and there followed that ghastly catastrophe on the frozen plains of Russia.

The second phase of the war had ended like the first in his defeat, and the third winter was added to the second, leaving him no nearer his goal.

★ ★ ★

NOW A FOURTH WINTER LOOMS AHEAD, AND THE VOICE OF CONFIDENT PROPHECY IS SILENT. IT IS SILENT FOR A GOOD REASON.

THE SIX WEEKS ALLOWED FOR THE KNOCK-OUT OF STALIN HAS SWOLLEN TO FIFTEEN MONTHS, AND STILL THE END IS NOT IN SIGHT.

In spite of his spectacular, but frightfully costly successes, the campaign of this summer has been a bitter disappointment to Hitler. He has conquered the Crimea, he has passed the Don, he is in sight of Stalingrad and the Volga, he has penetrated to the Caucasus.

But he has won no major decision. And only a major decision can rescue him from his Russian adventure.

TS WE MUST WATCH

Though Hitler may dread a fourth winter, we should be foolish to draw comfort from that. We must redouble our efforts and smite at the heart of Nazi Germany with all we can muster

By A. G. GARDINER

Stalin's army is still intact. Its line is unbroken. The spirit of the nation is indestructible. Russia's resources are still immense. And winter is near.

Meanwhile the menace in Hitler's rear grows in might. Day and night his cities, his factories and his shipyards are being battered to dust. In the air he is overwhelmed.

The desperate deficiencies of his transport are intensified by the destruction of his locomotives and his coastal shipping. The slow pressure of the blockade is exacting its toll.

He has reached the Caucasus, but he has not got its oil, and it is the oil he must have.

All the countries he has outraged and plundered are seething with rebellion and are only held down by force. They await the hour of revenge.

AND HITLER KNOWS THAT THAT HOUR IS NOT FAR DISTANT. WHEN IT STRIKES, WHEN THE GATHERING MIGHT OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA IS LAUNCHED AGAINST HIM, EUROPE WILL RISE AGAINST HIM FROM NORWAY TO GREECE AND FROM FRANCE TO POLAND.

Our most devastating bomber—the "Lancaster"; symbol of our growing air might, which A.G.G. says must be used to the full . . .

It is this fear that haunts him and goads him to take the most desperate risks in order to reach a decision in Russia. He must immobilise Stalin if he is to meet the coming tempest in the West.

What is the major decision in Russia which can alone meet his necessities? It is probable that he no longer looks for the sweeping victory he expected when he set out on his adventure in June of last year.

Then he calculated on knocking out Russia, lock-stock-and-barrel, in six weeks. Russia was to cease to exist as Poland and France have ceased to exist.

His aim now is more modest. It is to create such disruption of the Russian system that, even if the army remains in being, it will cease to be an offensive power and will be contained by light mobile forces sufficient to police the eastern wall.

This must be done swiftly, before winter comes. And it must be done so effectively that Hitler's war machine can be safely switched over to the Western front.

It is a large order. Even if the Volga backbone is broken it is difficult to imagine that Russia will be so negligible that Hitler can ignore her.

But we shall do well not to under-rate the danger. Hitler has made colossal "howlers," but he has survived them so far by the immensity of the machine that he created while Europe slept.

Through that machine he has subdued all the Continent to his purpose. The peoples hate him, but they are his slaves.

★ ★ ★

There is not a country which is not working to keep his war machine supplied. Millions of foreigners, prisoners of war and victims of his tyranny are harnessed to his chariot wheels in Germany.

His jackals, Mussolini, Antonescu, Horthy and the rest, are sending their people to death at his command.

The pillage of the whole Continent has poured into his lap, and though famine is stalking through every land under his heel, the last to starve will be the German people, and especially the German army.

Added to all this, he has that unity of control over his resources that enables him to concentrate them instantly upon a given move in the game.

★ ★ ★

Thus, he is known now to be switching over his production from tanks and larger armaments to U-boats and locomotives.

THESE ARE SIGNIFICANT POINTERS. THE ONE WARNS US OF OUR DANGER. THE OTHER REVEALS THE GRAVITY OF ONE OF HIS WEAKNESSES—TRANSPORT.

But formidable though the enemy still is, it is we who now hold the cards. We can face the fourth winter with the confident knowledge that the balance of forces has changed in our favour.

Hitler has passed his peak. We are still climbing to ours.

Contrast our position on the eve of the fourth winter with that on the eve of the second winter, and the measure of the change will be apparent.

WE SHALL SIN GRIEVOUSLY IF WE DO NOT MAKE THE COMING WINTER THE STEPPING-STONE TO VICTORY. BUT WE MUST ACT SWIFTLY, WISELY AND BOLDLY.

While preparing that final stroke which we all await, let us carry the air war into the heart of the enemy with ever-increasing weight.

★ ★ ★

Let us destroy his war machine at the source, paying particular attention to his U-boats and his locomotives.

Let us tighten the blockade and swell the torrent of supplies to Russia.

And while tens of thousands of men are dying to save the freedom of mankind, let us, in the name of decency, hear nothing of labour disputes and absenteeism.

More United Nations Jolts for Japs

WE should all take heart from events in the Far East.

Two months ago the world was buzzing with rumours about an imminent attack on Siberia by the Japs. American experts were positive about the date: August 1 was to be zero hour for Vladivostok.

Ominous signs were multiplying which all pointed at a forthcoming aggression: Russian merchantmen sunk off Sakhalin, frontier clashes in Manchuria, and the Japanese landings in some of the Aleutian islands between Kamchatka and Alaska.

★ ★ ★

"Not even the Mikado may know yet," said JOHN BULL, when reviewing the situation then.

Meanwhile, the rumours have died down, the incidents have not recurred, and zero hour has not struck yet, six weeks after the presumed schedule. The attack has obviously been postponed.

Whatever may have been said to the contrary, Foreign Minister Togo's resignation seems rather to indicate that there will be no war with the Soviet Union soon; otherwise this notoriously pro-Nazi diplomat and father of the Tripartite Pact with Berlin and Rome would hardly have been ousted just now.

While it would be premature to draw any final conclusions from that adjournment, it is worth while to examine its reasons:

First of all, the Russians themselves have, by their own magnificent stand against the Germans, given a salutary warning to the yellow jackals in their rear.

By its resistance and counter-attacks at Voronezh, Stalingrad and Rhzev, the Red Army has shown the war-lords in Tokyo that its reserves are far from being exhausted.

Presumably nothing had to be drawn yet from Eastern Siberia, and Stalin is likely to stick to that strict rule in the future.

Secondly: the recent weeks have revealed unsuspected striking power on the side of Chiang Kai-shek. Far from being discouraged by the cutting off of the Burma Road, which means their temporary isolation from the outer world except by air, the Chinese are hitting back.

★ ★ ★

They are driving the Japs out of cities, ports and air bases which the enemy had captured after months of costly efforts.

And they are pinning down still more divisions all over their vast unconquerable Empire.

Thirdly—and this is perhaps the most valuable lesson of the last six weeks to all of us: while Hitler was impatiently hoping for the opening of a "Second Front" by the Japanese in Siberia, the Americans have taken the initiative in the Solomon Islands.

★ ★ ★

They have engaged the Japs' fleet, dislodged the enemy from their advanced bases for a future attempt against Australia, and have upset all their further plans in the Pacific.

This is "Second Front policy" in the best sense of the word. There was no public clamour; it was planned secretly between the United Nations.

And it helped! The men in Tokyo, suddenly confronted with a new and redoubtable problem, realised that this was no time for starting a fresh gamble in Vladivostok, just to please Hitler.

The lesson of the Solomon Islands is that of the close interdependence of all theatres of operations in this World War and of the vital advantages of combined United Nations' strategy.

V. S.

WICKED PETROL WASTE DENOUNCED

GROSS and grotesque waste of petrol is becoming rampant. I make this charge after weighing my words. I believe that the evidence I shall recount will shock the public and—I hope—stir the authorities into immediate and belated action.

Would you believe that nearly half a million gallons of petrol was wrongfully supplied and used by one group of people engaged on war contracts?

Or that huge quantities issued for concrete mixers, factory machinery and lorries essential to war production have likewise been used for private interests?

Yet such facts are just two of the points in a report drawn up by one of my investigators.

There are some others at which I can only hint; but let me say at once that all reveal a damnable state of affairs.

True, no one can accuse Whitehall's petrol kings of having done nothing to end the scandal. Months ago, with an air of ruthless determination, they set up a detective force to hunt down the petrol cheats.

Sir Wyndham Childs Comments

But that force is a small one—very small in view of the great number of complaints that demand investigation.

Even when flagrant abuses have been brought to light and prosecutions undertaken, the offenders usually get off with low fines that must make the detectives angry and disheartened.

No one can be surprised that merchant seamen have expressed their indignation.

But it is surely surprising that even the Ministry of Fuel itself has lost a good deal of precious liquid from its own tanks.

A protracted inquiry recently ended in criminal proceedings that were heard in secret.

Two lorry drivers employed by the Petroleum Board were charged with stealing 500 gallons of benzole mixture.

They were able to drive cans of oil away from their depots and to deliver it to private customers.

Lack of Supervision

Obviously no proper check was made on their comings and goings.

Indeed, the manner in which some drivers employed in different parts of the country have conspired with racketeers suggests a disquieting lack of supervision.

In another case a garage owner admitted he had bought supplies from a driver.

By arrangement, his agents met the driver in a lonely road and transferred the oil from official lorries to his own containers.

Huts owned by a client of other official drivers were searched. It was found that more than 400 gallons had been improperly obtained and sold.

Moreover, Army depôts and R.A.F. stations often appear to be easy targets for systematic thefts of petrol.

Thousands of gallons have disappeared from one Northern depôt alone. It is admitted that no check was kept on the amounts drawn by the men.

As a further illustration, let me tell you of the bravado of a Serviceman who has been dealt with in private for taking part in another petrol conspiracy.

Awkward Questions

Stopped by a detective many miles away from his station and asked about his load, he retorted airily:

"Oh, it's R.A.F. juice. Nobody asks any questions about it, so why should I?"

I fancy that our merchant seamen might be tempted to ask quite a few awkward questions.

Besides, I am aware that apart from the big conspiracies there is a considerable traffic in petrol obtained by means of faked official forms.

Many area petroleum offices are so understaffed and overworked that it is not possible for all "returns" to be scrutinised.

Even when there is a suspicion that consumers are getting far more petrol than they should, some officials shrink from taking action because of the difficulty and delay in obtaining evidence for a prosecution.

A Midlands engineer, working for a munitions firm, arranged with his departmental chief to "cook" his returns.

Apart from the journeys he actually made with his lorry, it was stated that he was engaged in frequent visits to firms in distant towns. Often the vehicle with which he was supposed to make these "visits" never left its garage.

But supplementary supplies of petrol were obtained without question.

For months he escaped detection. Then conscience pricked him and he owned up.

However, his superior denied the allegations, and official action was delayed until the man had left the district and could not be traced!

No Sharp Practice

So much for plain roguery. Next, I want to deal with abuses in which there can be no hint of sharp practice but which remain an insult to those of us who try to obey the Government's appeal for fuel economy.

Though several 'bus services pass its doors until midnight, a hotel near London recently had 140 cars parked outside at 11.30 p.m.

An hour before there had been 270. The guests of its gala night could not be bothered to go home by 'bus—but I should like to know on what pretext they sought to justify their misuse of our tanks' life-blood.

Again, one of my reporters counted twenty-eight cars near a Government square a day or two ago.

Attendants told him that the average number used by Civil Servants to get to their work was 110.

Most of these officials live in suburbs well served by railways and 'buses. And need I say that the same sort of scandal is to be found wherever Government offices are situated?

A Midlands hotel porter affirms that day after day the same people drive up to lunch.

"Several of them work at the same factory," he adds, "but each travels alone in a big car that could hold four or five."

Official inquiries show that cars labelled "A.R.P." or "Blood Transfusion Service" have been used for private purposes.

There has also been a startling increase in the amount of petrol used by the N.F.S.

An Army lorry travelled thirty miles to move a few bedsteads just a few hundred yards; another was sent ninety miles to fetch a roll of netting.

Made Special Journey

"There's no shortage of petrol in the Canadian army," said a soldier gallantly when he made a special journey to give a Surrey woman a key that could have been sent through the post.

But I believe the public's patience is running short. The Government would be wiser if it spent less time in devising complicated "fuel targets" for economical folk and gave more attention to checking the appalling petrol waste practised by our less decent citizens.

Major Lloyd George, Minister of Fuel and Power, is grappling with this scandal...

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. Alice Smith, Crockham Well Road, Woodley, Berks, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for certain information.

Any facts calling for inquiry or comment should be addressed to "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AN IMPUDENT SNARE

LESLIE GREENING, of Wollaston Road, Dorchester, is an optimist.

He claims, through the medium of small advertisements, that he has a money-spinning proposition for sale.

According to him, his scheme possesses possibilities "in war and peace" which are unlimited.

Having whetted the appetite in this way he expects other people to display sufficient optimism to send him one shilling, plus 2½d. return postage. He then undertakes to impart his secret.

Anyone who rises to this bait is soon disillusioned. Greening's "Wartime Opportunity" simply turns out to be a flat-catching scheme.

It is suggested that clients should approach house-owners after the war and retail lists of suitable names for houses at 2s. a time!

Mr. Greening offers a "sample" list of names which any schoolboy might compile after wandering round a few local streets.

I cannot say how many shillings Greening has secured so far, but I hope this little warning will be in time to save others from being caught.

SWAFFER ASKS...

WHY SHUN PART-TIME WORKERS?

● Many women who are willing to give up their time to help the nation's war effort complain that employers are prejudiced against part-time workers.

Although this is not true of all, most of them resent the fuss and the trouble of having to fit in workers on part-time. They "won't be bothered."

The fact is that every hour is needed, for labour is becoming increasingly short.

Only now, after months of agitation, are the auxiliary firemen being allowed to do part-time war-work. Had this started a year ago, many millions of hours would have been used.

Yet Home Office shell-backs were obstinate. So firemen sat around—and many still do it—idle.

WHY PENALISE PATRIOTISM?

● I receive many complaints from workers who say they have been sacked for calling attention to defects in factory work and administration.

Often they are galled to see reforms established as a result of information which earned them dismissal.

The truth is—and the more intelligent employers realise this—that even the humblest underling in a works may know of some waste that can be stopped or some improvement that can be made.

Yet the Boss system still goes on.

The installation of a box in each workshop so that employees can drop in it useful suggestions might save the nation a great deal of time and a greater deal of money.

Obstinacy is now a crime against the State. More than that, Bossdom is old-fashioned.

A new partnership in industry is being gradually evolved.

CAN SECRECY BE A MENACE?

● Members of the Croydon Town Council protest against the secrecy adopted by the Ministry of Home Security in keeping back information about the new incendiary bombs being dropped by the Nazis.

One of the stupidest things that have happened, ever since the war started, is the withholding by Government departments of information which must be known to the Germans, because they themselves started the idea.

You would not believe it, but this is true of a certain way of using bombs on towns that is known to everybody in the country.

Millions have seen this method employed. All the others have been told about it.

Yet, even to-day, no newspaper is allowed to mention the fact! Could they do so, columns could be filled with the most dramatic stories—stories that would kill lethargy and inspire our race to greater endeavour.

"JOHN BULL'S"
SHORT STORY
By WILL SCOTT

MR. SCRUFF FINDS TROUBLE

IN the glorious pre-war days, when you were rich and rode in your own Rolls, you would probably have run over Mr. Scruff without even stopping to inquire.

There were 5 ft. of him, and you had to look twice before you were sure.

But if nobody noticed Mr. Scruff he noticed everybody. And everything. Nothing escaped Mr. Scruff's gimlet gaze.

So that when he saw the eagle-faced man take out pocket-book and pencil and make an entry he said to himself, on the quiet as it were, "Ah!"

Just that. "Ah!"

But whenever Mr. Scruff said "Ah!" somebody could look out for trouble. Mr. Scruff, as he often told himself, was nobody's fool. Which shows you can't go by appearances.

They were getting near to Victoria and the train was just passing a balloon barrage station. Mr. Scruff, although alert as ever, was thinking ill of no man. He was just sitting back admiring the sunshine, thinking that perhaps summer had come at last, when the eagle-faced man, who was standing alone in the corridor, shot his eagle face an extra inch forward and seemed to mutter.

"If you don't stop," said Mr. Scruff, "I'll make a scene."

"Hallo!" thought Mr. Scruff.

The eagle-faced man had shot his eagle face an extra inch forward in the direction of the balloon barrage. Something about it seemed to have caught his eagle eye. It was at that moment that he whipped out his pocket-book and made his entry.

And it was at that moment that Mr. Scruff exclaimed "Ah!"

The police can't be everywhere, as Mr. Scruff knew. They can't do everything. It's every ordinary citizen's duty to do what he can.

Mr. Scruff glanced through the window, but the balloon barrage was now out of sight. The eagle-faced man had put his pocket-book away and was moving along the corridor.

"Spy!" thought Mr. Scruff, and was out of his seat and out of his compartment and down the corridor on the heels of the eagle-faced man before you could say knife.

The train rolled over the Thames and down the slope into Victoria, slowing down. The eagle-faced man put his hand out of the window and twisted the handle. As the train came to a stop he pushed back the door and dropped quickly to the platform.

AND after him, like a flash, went Mr. Scruff.

"Just a minute," said Mr. Scruff, pulling the eagle-faced man's sleeve.

The eagle-faced man looked round, stopped, looked down amazed at Mr. Scruff.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I want a few words with you," said Mr. Scruff, importantly.

You could tell by the look on the eagle-faced man's eagle face that he thought he was dealing with a lunatic.

"You'll excuse me," he said. "I'm busy."

And was making off. But Mr. Scruff pulled his sleeve again. Thinking quickly.

"If you don't stop," said Mr. Scruff, "I'll make a scene. I'll shout at the top of my voice. You'd be surrounded in a second."

The eagle-faced man glanced at the passing throng. It had been a long train and a full one. He pushed back his hat and patted his brow.

"What do you *want*?" he asked.

"Let's walk along to the barrier," said Mr. Scruff. Hoping that at the barrier there would be a policeman. But there wasn't.

Mr. Scruff nipped through the barrier first, then turned and waited to make sure of the eagle-faced man. Together they walked under the big arch to the station yard, the eagle-faced man muttering to himself.

"Just a minute!" said Mr. Scruff, grabbing the other's sleeve for the third time.

"If you don't get to hell . . ." said the eagle-faced man.

Mr. Scruff took in everybody within a hundred yards at a quick look. Still no policeman! Very well; it was up to him.

"I saw you!" he hissed.

"Saw me? What the devil are you supposed to be talking about?"

"In the train. The balloon barrage. Making those notes."

The eagle-faced man frowned.

"YOU damned interfering little——"

And then he seemed to wash Mr. Scruff out of his life. He turned and strode away to the taxi rank.

But not without Mr. Scruff.

"No, you don't!" said the little man, trotting at his heels.

The eagle-faced man almost snatched the first taxi. He dragged open the door and was leaning towards the driver. But once more Mr. Scruff was first.

"Scotland Yard!" he said suddenly.

"I've told you!" Mr. Scruff threatened. "I'll make a scene! I'll shout! Here in front of the station! You haven't got a chance. You wouldn't get two yards."

The eagle face above him began to turn pink.

"You damned interfering little fool!" said the eagle-faced man, finishing it at last.

"Will you get in?" said Mr. Scruff.

The eagle-faced man got in.

"Scotland Yard," said Mr. Scruff once more.

"Well, strike me!" said the taximan.

And Mr. Scruff himself got in and sat back next to the eagle-faced man and the taxi curled round into Buckingham Palace Road.

"If I . . ." attempted the eagle-faced man. But Mr. Scruff held up a haughty hand.

"Save what you've got to say for the police," he advised.

And when they reached Scotland Yard he said: "Get out!" And when he had paid off the surprised taximan he said "Get in!"

"Now, listen . . ." said the eagle-faced man.

"Of course," said Mr. Scruff, "if you want me to make a scene *here*. . . ."

He felt sure of himself now. The eagle-faced man couldn't possibly get away *now*. It was, as they say in books, cast iron.

"Get in!" he said.

The eagle-faced man was fuming. He strode ahead.

"I say!" called Mr. Scruff.

Not that anything could go wrong now. Not possibly. Having got the man right *in*. Hanky-panky was out of the question. All the same he kept close to the eagle-faced man in the long corridor.

Suddenly the eagle-faced man opened a door and went in.

"No, you don't!" cried Mr. Scruff, nipping after him.

They were in a large room with a desk and a second door at the far end. For the first time Mr. Scruff was alone with the eagle-faced man. He wondered what he would do if . . .

The eagle-faced man slipped round behind the desk, sat down and thumped the desk. He then pressed a little bell and a uniformed police sergeant appeared through the second door.

"Good morning, Sir Wilfred," said the sergeant.

The eagle-faced man pointed an indignant finger at Mr. Scruff.

"Watkins," he said, "*show this gentleman out!*"

WORKERS HELP WAR EFFORT

IN the basement of a suburban London vicarage a fifty-seven-year-old clergyman, the Rev. Percival Mackenzie, works every day over his lathes and drills. Whenever he has a holiday from his church duties he puts in twelve hours a day.

His self-imposed task is the production of aircraft parts, machined to within one-thousandth of an inch. All of them are eagerly snapped up by a big factory.

"I work until I nearly drop," says Mr. Mackenzie, who has always been a keen amateur mechanic, "and I am proud of it."

His congregation are anxious to help, and Mr. Mackenzie is hoping to find time to train some of them.

This is only one example from many of the "amateur factories" which are at work all over Britain—in garden sheds, hobby-workshops, billiards-rooms, garages, private houses and small converted peace time factories.

Insignificant individually, they play in the aggregate an appreciable part in the war effort. Most of their labour is part-time work by men already doing an essential job; their machinery is mainly improvised. So their production is 100 per cent. "gain."

★ ★ ★

A business man with a hobby had some machines in a garden shed. When war ended his business he kept on his foreman engineer, built a bigger shed, obtained some unwanted machines, and is now turning out small but vital aircraft parts.

A remote Lake District garage had a 15 ft. square lock-up, with two small lathes, a drilling machine, and a power-hacksaw. This its owner turned into a "war factory."

All through last winter he and his apprentice mechanic got down to business after the day's routine work. Most of the night hours they turned out washers for 'plane engines.

Others volunteered to help. During the day a night-shift mechanic from a near-by 'bus depot gave up his leisure to put in several hours.

Another small shop of the same kind runs twenty-four hours a day with a volunteer staff of ten, including a one-armed foreman. It is turning out a finely machined job which several bigger firms were unwilling to tackle. The first product passed inspection "first class."

★ ★ ★

A sub-contract inspector from a big aircraft works has told how he visited another "amateur factory," the glass roof of which had just been blown in by a bomb.

It was raining, but the girl workers had fixed umbrellas over the machines and were working on! To make up lost time they were taking unfinished work home with them to polish the edges after supper.

The managing director of a Midlands aircraft firm has turned the billiards-room of his house into a workshop and installed drilling machines and hand-presses . . . A village schoolmaster has organised working parties in a room taken at the local pub . . . an aircraft-parts "factory" has been opened in the basement shelter of a London block of flats. . . .

Civil Defence Workers are filling up "lull" hours by unpaid war work. Four hundred London dockland N.F.S. men turn out 6,000 ammunition boxes a week while waiting on duty. At Acton station forty firemen made 40,000 "bomb slings" in seven weeks.

Human Machine

A DRIPPING MIND

Do you remember the old joke about the oldest inhabitant? "Sometimes I sits and thinks," he said; "sometimes I just sits." But he didn't. He couldn't. You can't either. No one can just sit. Whether we like it or not, we've got to sit and think.

We're always thinking. With or without our willing it, our brains go on working. Idle how we may, laze how we will, we simply can't help thoughts passing through our minds.

Think of the mental energy that is, all too often, going to waste in these undirected and uncontrolled mental efforts! Imagine what we could do if we would harness these incessant thoughts into useful channels, productive, cheerful, constructive ideas! Talk about the waste caused by a dripping tap—it's nothing compared with the waste caused by a dripping mind!

If we think right we shall act right. If we act right we shall act without friction and be altogether happier and more comfortable. It may sound simple—but it's nearly always overlooked.

Take your work. You have it to do. You have to think about it. You might just as well, therefore, think about it rightly.

You can, if you like, think how dull, how hard, how boring it is, how badly paid it is. If you do, you'll find your work is hard labour.

On the other hand, you can think of it as something interesting, an opportunity for testing how accurately and efficiently you can act. If you do, you'll find things go smoothly and astonishingly swiftly.

You must think something about it with that non-stop brain of yours. So you may as well think the right sort of thing. Get the idea?

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

A UTILITY alarm-clock at a reasonable price is an urgent necessity for thousands of war-workers, and the Government should do something about it. There has been shameful profiteering in clocks and charges for repairs are scandalous.—F. S., Sherwood Grove, Wakefield.

★ ★ ★

Lisbon friend informs me that the famous Dutch bulbs are now roasted by the German invaders, mixed with acorns and sold to the Dutch as coffee!—E. Hepworth, Camden Town, N.W.

★ ★ ★

Trains in which munition workers go home are so laden with shoppers, holiday-makers and luggage that two engines are needed to pull them. A peculiar form of fuel saving!—G. Macdonald, Stevenston, Ayrshire.

★ ★ ★

I bought a pair of Utility stockings and both laddered on the first day of wearing. Is this the manufacturers' idea of utility?—Miss D. Hannaford, Effingham Street, Ramsgate.

★ ★ ★

The other day I saw a tramp pick up fifty cigarette-ends in a distance of eighty yards. About 20 per cent. of tobacco is wasted wantonly in this way.—J. H., Bolton.

★ ★ ★

Holidaying in N. Wales, I was invited to take one of six seats in a private car which regularly runs villagers to the nearest cinema, eight miles away, at a cost of two shillings a head. Is this petrol economy?—R. J. Adams, Clavell Road, Liverpool.

★ ★ ★

Tons of paper could be saved daily if theatre programmes were abolished. A list of cast and scenes could be displayed on a screen for all to see.—C. Brett, Porchester, Hants.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one Published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VOICE OF THE

THE 50th Division has been in the thick of the fighting in the Middle East, and here is Pte. W. Smith, D.L.I., telling the story of "action" in a letter to his brother, Mr. Charles Smith, Durham City:

It was pretty rough while it lasted. The old division did a "rearguard" again, and put up a good show.

I earned no medal, but the Guv'nor awarded me full marks for my work alongside of him, so I am satisfied. I was his shadow and made up my mind that we either stayed in or got out—together.

We had waited behind the line to get re-equipped, and then we went "out in the blue."

We shook the Italians good and hard, taking bags of them as prisoners, and hammering their transport.

At this time we were working nicely in our part of the line, and it came as a severe shock—the news that we had to "get out," as we were in danger of being cut off.

On the Sunday night we broke through the line manned by the ice-cream men.

The yellow So-and-So's haven't much guts for real fighting and when captured they cringe.

They pull out photos of their wives and families to get our sympathy. It's a different tale when they take our lads prisoner—then they become first-rate bullies, without heart or a glimmer of decency.

"Tantivy," our bugler, is missing, also Alf, who used to run round with Renee, but I think that both are prisoners.

. . . This paper I am writing on once belonged to an Italian, but he won't need it any more.

AMBITIONS REACHED

Some of the young men serving with the R.A.F. in Canada find the hospitality a bit overwhelming, but L.A.C. S. W. Kearey is more concerned with his flying experience, which was a trifle Boomps-a-daisy. He writes to his fiancée at Stephendale Road, Farnham, Surrey:

Great news for you! I have done my solo, and one ambition of my life is realised. Well, I felt quite calm except for a tummy which would persist in looping the loop.

Anyway, I got through it all right and made a nice landing without hurting the machine, myself or the landing-ground. But it was not quite so good yesterday when I did another solo trip.

As I was coming in to land I touched down, but hit a bump, with the result that the 'plane jumped into the air like a rocket.

At this critical moment a gust got under one wing, causing the other to hit the ground. I whipped the "stick" over, and I'm blessed if the other wing didn't hit the ground.

Meanwhile, the machine careered round in a circle and came to halt in a cloud of dust. My wings were still attached to the 'plane, which surprised me.

Perhaps I was more surprised to find that I was intact in spite of the bumps. The only damage was torn fabric. Quite a bit of fun while it lasted.

That's all the really important air news this week.

PLENTY OF SPORT

On the Rock of Gibraltar, Servicemen keep fit, and when off duty have a variety of sport to keep them occupied, according to Q.M.S. Morley, R.A., who writes to old friends at Markeaton Street, Derby:

There is football, hockey, running (very strenuous owing to the climbs), rowing, swimming and roller-skating, so we have no excuse for not being fit.

The gardens here are lovely. Just now there is ripe fruit on the orange tree just below me as I write. Cherry-pie, jonquils, lillies, flowering trees and shrubs provide a pageant of colour and beauty.

In the town the houses are of Spanish style. Main Street is, of course, the shopping centre, and a wonderful place to get "rooked." Most of the "antiques" on sale as souvenirs have come straight from Birmingham, so they ought to be good.

I like the "Pictures" here. At my pet cinema a film is stopped two or three times while the operator changes the spools. It's all very leisurely, and you never know how long the show will last.

Sometimes a goat wanders about in the cinema, in search of titbits from patrons—I think he is a friend of the operator.

CHEAP MEAL

And here is a story of L.A.C. Davies, R.A.F., who in a letter to his grandparents at Central Avenue, Corringham, Essex, tells of landing in South Africa and finding a wonderful meal for ninepence:

We landed safe and sound; all in one piece, after having had a little more

HUMANIST says: IT DOESN'T PAY TO MEDDLE

★ Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted (without, of course, giving your name).

THE first letter I propose quoting this week introduces a problem which affects thousands of people at some time or other—the problem of interfering in the affairs of others.

The writer strikes me as an extremely sensible woman, and I like the tone of her letter.

"When my children married," *she says*, "I made up my mind never to interfere in their lives, and have never done so. The result is that we are all very good friends and help one another in any way we can.

"Lately, however, I have been given hints that the wife of one of my sons is 'carrying on' with another man. I ignored them at first, but now I have positive proof that they are true, and am worried about what to do.

"My son is very much in love with his wife. I hate to see that he is being deceived, and cannot bear the thought of his being hurt.

"He has always allowed her to go her own way and has trusted her implicitly. She is now taking advantage of his unsuspecting nature to behave in a way that will make a scandal.

"What would you recommend me to do?"

It is impossible to make a man or a woman behave decently by compulsion or threats. The only result is to make the guilty person more secretive; the "affair" is not ended but hidden more cunningly. Such interference achieves no good purpose.

I see no reason for telling the son. It would cause him pain and anxiety without putting things right. If the writer of the letter really likes her daughter-in-law and has always felt friendly towards her, I think she might be justified in giving her a hint. Just a hint—not a "rating"—and leave the young woman's conscience to do the rest.

But if the feeling between them is hostile, I advise her to say nothing.

The only way to alter a person's actions is to alter the nature.

You can't make a white rose-tree produce red roses by painting them—as the three gardeners did in "Wonderland." It is still a white rose-tree at heart.

Acts of Parliament cannot make a man or woman "moral," but religion can and does, because it goes to the source of evil and changes that.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER reader tells me he has had a dispute with one of his closest friends about the question of dancing on church premises.

"I can see no wrong in it at all," *he writes*, "but she holds the opinion that dancing is sinful. Surely, to dance is to show an appreciation for music, which, in the beginning, was of God's creation.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to let us know your opinion on the subject when you can spare a little time?"

I really don't follow the reader's arguments. Does he believe that one dances to show appreciation of music?

There are other ways of showing it, if only the rather crude and comical method of smacking the hands together at the conclusion of a symphony! And does he want to argue that the pieces played by a dance band are of Divine origin? It would be nearer the mark to argue that God gave us a pair of nimble legs and an enjoyment of rhythm.

I would not have quoted the letter but for one thing: I have had many letters from people who think that dancing in itself is dangerous and even wicked. The idea was held by the old Puritans, who objected to many things which are accepted to-day—fiction, theatres, cards. The chief argument against them was made by an old rascal in one of Shakespeare's comedies: "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there must be no more cakes and ale?"

The pleasures of ballroom dancing are innocent enough, but one would hardly claim that of all dances!

★ ★ ★

ONE reader seems to be suffering twinges of conscience.

"My husband leaves me on Saturday nights to go for a drink," *she writes*. "I got myself very upset about this and have walked up and down the garden path waiting for him to come back. I used to imagine all kinds of things about what he was doing."

At last, however, she could stand it no longer, and the next Saturday she announced that she was going with him.

"He did not seem in any way upset," *the letter continues*. "When we got to the hotel I felt I had committed a crime, but I followed him in and we sat down. He introduced me to his friends and their wives. They were all very nice and asked me to join them every week.

"I drank just one glass of shandy and made it last the whole evening. The company seemed quite jolly and sang songs together. We arrived home about midnight, but my brain would not let me sleep for thinking about what people will say about me when they find out. I had the feeling that I had taken the wrong path.

"My son is very much in love with his wife . . ."

"Humanist, I shall never take to drink—there is no fear of that—but I am worried. Do you think I did wrong in going? Or shall I stay at home in future as I used to do?"

It does not sound a terribly wicked way of spending a Saturday evening, does it? Better than "stewing" alone and imagining all sorts of evil things.

But no one can decide for the conscience of another. If the woman feels it was sinful to drink a glass of shandy, then for her it was sinful! That, however, does not make it sinful for another person who thinks and feels differently.

And now I expect an avalanche of indignant letters from the prohibitionists!

TROOPS

than enough of life on the ocean wave. We were more than ready to sample the food that we had heard so much about.

Our first call was at the Navy League Club for tea. I had two sausages, mashed, eggs and bacon, followed by fruit salad and ice cream. Just to fill in the odd corner there was coffee and cake.

The charge for this banquet was ninepence—I ask you!

A SLOW PARADE

Gunner I. R. Thomas, R.A., has arrived in India and goes to the "Pictures" after an interval of three months. He writes home to his folk at Ynysybwl, near Pontypridd, to tell them about it:

We went to the "Pictures" last night and saw "Spring Parade," which wasn't too bad, except that the "parade" was a bit slow. The film only broke down nine times, and they cut lumps out of it in the mending, but apart from the interruptions we enjoyed it. Naturally, I prefer to see my films in one piece, but why worry?

GENEROUS THIEF

When Driver S. W. Goddard, R.A.S.C., left Dunkirk in a bit of a hurry after an argument with "Jerry," he had to leave everything behind him, including his wallet. Now, serving in the Middle East, he has learned that his wallet has turned up unexpectedly. He writes to his wife at Walton Bridge Road, Shepperton:

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather when I had the news that my old wallet had turned up after all this time.

Most surprising of all was that the £5 was in it.

What gets me guessing is that someone pinched the photos of you and the baby that were also in the wallet, but it was kind of them to leave the cash intact.

UNEXPECTED MEETING

Five years ago two young men started out to cycle across the world, but war came and they parted company. Recently they met again—in Haifa! But let Pte. R. Wakeman, R.E., tell the story as he does in a letter to a friend at Hows Road, Uxbridge.

You will remember how Bill Barber and I started on our world-wide biking tour. Then when war came we got home and I lost touch with him for all these years—and then last week while on leave in Haifa I went into a café for dinner.

I was shown to a table, and there sitting opposite—was Bill!

For a moment we were not certain of each other, and then we grinned in recognition. It was Bill; and how we talked, almost forgetting to eat.

He is stationed only twenty miles away from our mob, so we hope to meet frequently. I always knew that the world was a small place, that's why we tried to cycle across it.

FREE HOLIDAYS

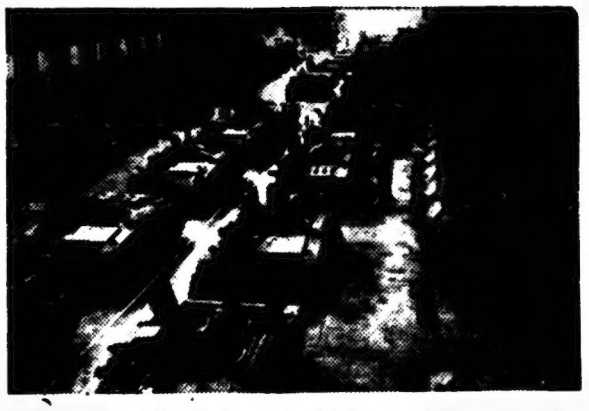
From the sunny shores of the Mediterranean comes a cheerful letter from Pte. Lovett, R.A.S.C., to his parents at Green Lane, Hanwell, London:

I go swimming a lot with my pals, and at this rate we shall soon look like niggers. People pay lots of money to come here for a holiday in peace-time—and the Army brings us here for nothing and pays all expenses. Aren't we lucky?

Of course, we have had our bad patches, but we manage to keep fit, well and cheerful. God bless you.

FACTORY BATTLEFRONT—IV **BY A DOCTOR**

★ Another dramatic episode from the bookcase of a factory doctor—the epic story of a bomb-shocked man's determination to finish a job in hand, and how a Czech doctor helped him to realise his ambition. It typifies the spirit which is manifest in all our war-factories where the enemy's fate is being surely sealed.



The tanks roll off the assembly line. The men and women who help to build them know how much depends upon their tireless efforts . . .

Foreman Foster Does the Job

"AYE, there's no doubt about it. Lord Woolton's name will go down to austerity!" the jovial, plump foreman was just wisecracking in our night canteen, when the emergency loud-speakers blared.

"134 Squad . . . squad one-three-four . . . report for duty at once, please. Squad 134. . . ."

Team-work and discipline in the war factories is as keen as that on the fighting war fronts.

It was an urgent job. Tanks. The boys had been on them for months. But now a special rush. It was an open secret where these new monsters were needed, and every man was willing to work on through the night to get the monster job done. Supper time was cut short. Foster was skipper, a big, bluff, strong-hearted man, for whom the whole crew would work like slaves.

And then the raid warning. Work stopped only in certain shops. As the A.A. batteries near by shook the ground we got on with the job—and all the staff in my emergency post were keyed to concert pitch.

One particularly loud crump—and soon my 'phone rang. An "incident" about five minutes from the gates.

I sent a driver out to scout, hardly dreaming that in a few minutes he would be coming back with just one casualty—Foster, the tank-crew skipper.

"Doc—I never thought I'd ride to work in the Black Maria!" he joked as he was carried in to the surgery.

Slight concussion, slight effects of bomb-blast. It was really a miracle that he hadn't all his bones broken. But apart from minor cuts and bruises there was just one thing wrong—he was paralysed from the waist down. The shock had affected the motor nerve system.

Determined to Work

"I'm not going to miss the night shift, Doc," he pleaded. "These tanks have got to go out. If you have to wheel me down to work in a chair. . . ."

Before that, we determined to try to get him fit. First, Sedormid, a fairly new drug which has a wonderful effect on the nervous system, which can't be given without a doctor's prescription.

An hour—one hour so precious with important tank work waiting to be done—under close observation, and Foster seemed better, but still unable to use his legs.

"Doc, you must try something else," he pleaded. "I must get back to work. I must. I MUST."

I lifted the 'phone and dialled the number of a Czech nerve specialist who often worked with me on difficult cases. It wasn't just that Foster had the will to work. I was a little anxious that there might be a serious reaction if we couldn't gratify his wish!

Given Anæsthetic

No time to be lost.

"We'll talk him back to his senses," smiled the Czech when he had examined Foster, as the A.A. guns still shook the ground.

"Past—novocaine."

The nurse gave me the hypodermic syringe, and Foster took a mild dose of anæsthetic.

"We're going to hypnotise him, doctor," explained my Czech friend.

Foster, who with this shot would be unconscious for about five minutes, was peacefully breathing on his bunk. And then the Czech took his hand in his hands and began talking to the unconscious man!

First he whispered softly into his ear. Then he retreated a little and talked in ordinary conversational tones. Then another soft, persuasive whisper.

It was just hypnotism!

Though Foster was under the influence of the intravenal injection, his subconscious mind was still working—and was receptive to the Czech doctor's voice. Swiftly, persuasively, the Czech spoke. For three minutes he told Foster that he could walk, that the bomb episode was past, that there were no ill-effects.

Not So Simple

It all sounded so simple. With eloquent hands the doctor gesticulated before the eyes of the unconscious man as he hypnotised him through the medium of his unconscious mind. . . .

A few more minutes, and then Foster's eyes opened.

"I've got a splitter, Doc," was what he first said. "Got a cup of tea to shift the headache?"

We'd anticipated that. But he got black coffee, not tea.

A few more minutes—and then Foster said in quite ordinary tones: "Well, thanks, Doc. Now I must be getting back to work."

And he stretched himself, got off the bunk, put on his coat, and walked to the door!

All that night Foster worked like a hero, singing at his job and not talking to his workmates about his injury. Even when the all-clear sounded he didn't comment on the raid. The effect of the hypnotism lasted for nearly six hours.

The tanks rolled off the delivery lines all the night, and Foster's crew did a grand job. When at last the shift was finished Foster came back to the surgery to see me. I'd managed to get cat-naps all the night so that I could be awake to greet him.

"I—I don't really remember much about it, Doc," he said at length. "I was near a bit of danger in the raid, wasn't I? But it's a queer thing. My brain seems to have a blank. I wish I could think what it was. Of course, I'm quite O.K. now. But either I had a dream, or . . ."

That blank in his mind persisted. We had all members of his crew in my consulting room one by one, and they were pledged on their honour not to talk. Little by little it was all broken to him—and he doesn't believe it!

But when, in a few days' time, he was introduced to the Czech who had saved him perhaps from being paralysed for life, all he could say afterwards was: "Nice chap, that foreigner. Never liked foreigners before. But I'm sure I've heard his voice somewhere before. On the radio, I suppose. . . ."

THIS IS DUTY

WHEN we do our Duty all else falls into place, for the hardest task has upon it Honour's Seal of Grace. And the grimmest hour goes faster when filled with a purpose clear, and when one does one's Duty it minimises Fear.

FOR Duty is Life's Answer and its countless problems solves; it clears the heart for action and all its doubts dissolves. It sets Life's wheels in motion, which in their gathering speed carries mankind triumphantly along paths that will succeed.

THUS Duty is the highest action a man can do. It is Life, with its hand on the Helm of Heaven beneath dark skies and blue. It's facing storms unflinching, with a heart that but asks to serve; it's winning God's Highest Approval. What a prize, oh, my soul, to deserve.

SO let us do our Duty, whatever be the cost, for a Duty once accomplished is a deed that's never lost. And a Duty towards our neighbour is a Duty towards mankind, and with Duty done, and God-speed won, all else is well left behind.

J. M.

VITAL WAR WORK

AS the drive against waste grows, so the need for Salvage Stewards increases all through the country.

This is an interesting and highly important war job that most people can manage in their spare time.

Individual householders are doing splendidly, but their efforts need to be organised so that they save the right things in the right way.

That is where the Salvage Steward comes in. Acting as a link between the public and the local authority, he can keep householders advised of the most pressing needs.

His prime aim is to help to make the salvage collection in his own area as efficient as possible.

If you are not a Salvage Steward already, apply to your local council at once. Your services are badly needed.

MIX THE INVALID'S HORLICKS WITH WATER ONLY—THE MILK IS ALREADY IN IT

It is well known that Horlicks is exceptionally valuable for invalids and convalescents who cannot take solid food. This is particularly true at times when milk is rationed. For the correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to add *water only*. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

Guilty or not guilty?

Do you smoke every pipeful right down to the last shred and knock out only dust and ashes? Or do you sometimes throw away a dottle of unsmoked tobacco? Then read these hints on

'How to make your tobacco last longer'

1 Keep your tobacco in good condition. If it gets too dry, put a small piece of damp blotting paper in pouch or tin.

2 Fill from the bottom of your pouch. Pack evenly and firmly but not tightly enough to stop an easy draw.

3 An occasional *outward* draught through the pipe keeps it alight, if it shows signs of going out.

4 A small piece of clean paper (a cigarette paper for choice), crumpled into a loose ball and put into the bottom of the bowl before filling, will prevent waste, and stop bits of tobacco entering the stem.

FOUR SQUARE

LAST LAUGH

ARNOLD (Honeybourne).—"The lady who told me to be sure to send the enclosed article to you is a great friend of mine." But not of ours.

W. I. (Etchingham). — "My friends say I have a pugnacious face, and I generally smoke a long cigar." We wonder if the Prime Minister has ever been mistaken for you?

O. N. (Bridgwater). — "An official German radio speaker recently referred to international law." They *do* know about it over there, then?

J. F. (Wallingford).—"Part of my garden fence has been pushed down, but I don't suspect my neighbour." Perhaps, though, he hasn't been keeping his marrows under proper control.

H. P. (Kew).—"Can you guess why I wouldn't let my little boy have a donkey ride?" You were afraid it might make your back ache too much.

R. C. (Canterbury).—"I bought a second-hand wireless set for a song." So did we, but up to the present we have got nothing but atmospherics.

VALERIE (Bath).—"The woman of to-day generally searches for the man who will really be able to understand her." It's a pity she usually delays the search until after she's married, isn't it?

A. Y. (Birkenhead).—"If a man managed to burst into a Government Department and shouted that he was a German, I wonder what would happen to him?" He would probably be handed a form to fill in.

C. M. (Highgate).—"A card posted to me from Central London took over three months to arrive." There may have been a head wind, and you must remember that it is uphill most of the way.

MISS E. (Cirencester).—"I told him to stop the car three times and let me get out." Wouldn't once have been enough?

S. McC. (Thurso).—"I know I'm a bit of a worry, but between you and me. . . ." There are hundreds of miles, thank goodness.

P. K. (Leicester).—"After I had taken six wickets, I saw the captain of the club watching me very closely." In case you took the bails as well?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"'Sorlright, lady! Only manoeuvres! Got to use this 'ere window, 'cos it's the only one that commands the road"

Side-Slips

LIVERPOOL ECHO: "A WOMAN was broken, and a woman was treated for an arm injury."

THE SUNDAY DISPATCH: "The inspector saw the child selling lemonade from a filthy bottle and spilt the contents to stop INSPECTION spreading."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS: "A pet's show, model aircraft demonstration, Punch and JULY show and sports are among the many items to be staged for their benefit."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS: "The Air Ministry and Ministry of Home Security COMMUNITY states that during darkness there has been nothing to report."

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE: "There are steamers, a chip range, gas-oven, electric-oven, TEAM and coffee urns, heaters for keeping PLANES warm, and a pastry mixer."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Discharged from the Army in December, 1940, through chronic bronchitis, it was later discovered that William Kent was suffering from tuberculosis, and required treatment in a sanatorium. He has no pension.

During that time his wife and three young children existed on a State allowance of 25s. weekly. Since his discharge from sanatorium, the family income is 43s., but Mrs. Kent is now in very poor health, and the whole family require more food and clothing. In spite of all their efforts to keep out of debt, their rent is £3 in arrears.

With the increased cost of living, it is absolutely impossible for them to get a clear start without some financial help.

We earnestly ask our readers to be as generous as they can to assist this badly handicapped family. Letters earmarked "T. B.," or for our General Fund, should be posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given; but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Every penny sent is passed to those in need, as all administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,338

FIRST PRIZE £50

H. C. Clarke, 17, High St., Devizes, Wilts, for this "Bullet."

SWEETS OF VICTORY
WE'RE "BUYING" FOR KIDDIES.

£20: W. Wiltshire, 1, Bryngoleu Terrace, Pontllanfraith, Mon.
What The Nazis Fear—Night After Night—Night!

£10: R. M. Fleming, 177, Corporation Street, Stafford.
Where The Premier Goes—He's "Traveller"—And "Champagne."

£5: A. W. Baker, 5, Plymouth Rd., Totnes, S. Devon.
What The Nazis Fear—"Lungs" Following Churchill's "Hogs."

£4: L/Cpl. A. Inman, A.T.C., R.A.O.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.
When Britain's Ready—"Grand Slam"—Until "Patience!"

£3: C. V. Evans, 134, Eastcote Lane, S. Harrow.
What We Eat—And Don't, "Strengthens Resistance."

£2: B. C. Anderson, 6, Gurney Rd., Northolt, Middx.
Side By Side—All "Gates"—Empire "Unassailable."

10s.: Mrs. C. M. Morris, 3, Camberley Ave., Raynes Park, S.W.20.
Where The Fuel Goes—Furthest—Patriotism's "Flame" Brightest.

10s.: L.A.C. F. W. Scott, R.A.F., Somewhere-in-Britain.
How Granny's An Officer—Different "Pips" Eit Neighbours!

5s.: P. R. Mole, 157, Rose Rd., Blackheath, B'ham.
What We Eat—"Variety"—Thank "Stars" About!

5s.: F. Manson, 8, Walsingham Mans., Stamford Bridge, Fulham, S.W.6.
What The Nazis Fear—Not "Brasshat"—Tommy's "Steel."

5s.: W. P. Dobbs, 49, Castleton Rd., Southchurch, Southend-on-Sea.
Side By Side—Black Market—Harvest Thanksgiving!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 20 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD NO. 290

WINNING WORDS: 1. Cor. 2. Holds. 3. Funk. 4. Cot. 5. Yarn. 6. Grey. 7. Wash. 8. Wood. 9. Yard. 10. Tan. 11. Shark. 12. Tank. 13. Clock. 14. Pitch.

The following four competitors submitted sets of Answers differing at one point only from most meritorious set of Answers above and thus share £100:—Mrs. N. M. Daniel, Chaplain's Apartments, Hampton Court Palace; W. P. Dobbs, 49, Castleton Rd., Southend-on-Sea; J. Morison, Whistle Field Inn, Whistle Field, Dumbartons; J. O'Neill, 26 Ebenezer St., Ingrow, Keighley.

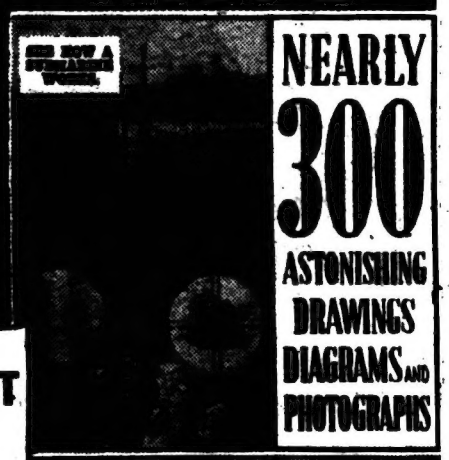
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 21 entrants who submitted sets of Answers differing at two points only.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

"JOHN BULL'S" WAR-TIME BOOK SERVICE TO READERS!

HURRY for this Amazing Book!

BRITAIN'S GLORIOUS NAVY



NEARLY 300 ASTONISHING DRAWINGS DIAGRAMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THIS GREAT BOOK shows and tells you

HOW SHIPS LAND TANKS AND TROOPS IN INVASION—How Raids are Carried Out—The Life of Every Man in the Navy—'Wrens'—HOW AND WHY A BATTLESHIP FLOATS—Amazing Facts About Speed, Gun Power, and Armaments of British Ships—The Secret of Ships' Engines—Plans versus Capital Ship—HOW AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER OPERATES IN MID-OCEAN — Types of Planes : Where They are Stored—Landing on a Carrier by Night—Dive Bombing at Sea—How Cruisers and Destroyers Escort Convoys—HOW DEPTH CHARGES ARE DROPPED—Putting Down a Smoke Screen—How a Submarine Works—HOW U-BOATS ARE DESTROYED—HOW A BROADSIDE IS FIRED FROM A BATTLESHIP—How M.T.B.s Carry Out Night Raids—Germany's Secret Mines—How Minesweepers Work—THE AMAZING WORKINGS OF A MODERN NAVAL BASE—How Naval Battles are Fought—Etc.

"BRITAIN'S GLORIOUS NAVY"—the most fascinating and revealing book ever to be published about the men and ships of the Royal Navy, Merchant Navy and Fleet Air Arm—a stupendous work that tells and shows you ALL that the Navy does—AND HOW IT DOES IT! Over 300 pages, 40,000 words and nearly 300 detailed drawings, diagrams, charts and photographs. This is JOHN BULL'S Great Book Opportunity for every reader this week! Owing to paper restrictions supplies are strictly limited. Copies are now on the press and will be ready shortly. All applications will be dealt with in rotation. You need no money now for this book, but so great will be the demand that you must apply on the Order-Label below at once to make sure of your volume.

"Britain's Glorious Navy" shows you—as no book has ever shown it before—the amazing mechanism of the world's greatest battleships, the secrets of our submarines, the wonders of our aircraft carriers. The activities of the Women's Royal Naval Service are graphically illustrated and described in an authoritative article by Mrs. Laughton Matthews, C.B.E., Director of the W.R.N.S. All this and hundreds of other enthralling details are explained in words and PICTURES in this work.

MORE! Here is the Navy from A to Z. Everything about it—not only its ships and men, but its organization, its technical marvels, its auxiliaries—everything there is to know! LOOK at panel on left for a few of the subjects.

Book is bound in Blue Bookcloth, superbly embossed. All you send when you receive your Invoice is only 5s. 3d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW! Fill in Order-Label on left. Affix penny stamp to space provided for your Special Privilege Invoice and printed matter and post at once in unsealed envelope bearing a Penny Stamp to:

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "Navy" Book Dept. J.N.2, Kings Langley, Herts. On receipt of Order-Label you will be sent an Invoice which you return with Remittance and your volume will be dispatched as soon as it is off the press.

POST FORM NOW

"BRITAIN'S GLORIOUS NAVY"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed firmly here by you.

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Applies only in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire.

J.N.2. 12/9/42

★ The safe & certain cure for HEADACHE

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Cephos

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Cephos is not just a single drug but the prescription of an eminent Harley St. Physician. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/3, 3/-. Single dose 2d.

FALSE TEETH and false economy

Artificial teeth can only effectively replace natural ones as long as they fit absolutely perfectly. To persist in wearing a loose denture which causes discomfort and embarrassment is false economy, because the trouble can so easily be put right. KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, *for making false teeth fit firmly*, will hold it securely in position for many hours, ensuring comfort, confidence and proper mastication. Recommended by Dentists. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, large 'Economy' size 3/3, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

DISCOVERY ENDS SKIN TROUBLES

Old ideas of skin treatment shattered

Science triumphs over spots, rashes, sores, etc.

New antiseptic balm: white, pleasant to use. *Yet ten times more effective in killing germs than carbolic ointment.* It is 'emulsified'. That is why the antiseptic gets right down to the root of infection. Heals spots, eczema, barbers rash, itch, impetigo etc. Makes skin clear, healthy in few days. Skin Specialists prescribe it.

'VALDERMA' Antiseptic Balm at Boots & good Chemists 2/- (including tax) or send postal order 2/- for full size jar: Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 36E) 25/27 Berners Street, London W. 1.

CASH and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 for X-WORDS and BULLETS

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £225 between Runners-up. For result of Xwords No. 290, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col	3d	3d	3d
1 THINGS ARE CONCEALED BEHIND ONE	C L O K			
2 OCCASIONALLY TURNS OUT REALLY FINE WORK	D N C E			
3 THEY'RE NOT SO BRIGHT, THESE DAYS	T U E S			
4 YOU'RE LUCKY TO MEET WITH A GENEROUS ONE	F E			
5 SUCH A PERSON MAY QUITE POSSIBLY GIVE HIMSELF AWAY	I L Y			
6 WHEN MARKET IS THIN, NOBODY WANTS TO BUY	D E A			
7 IF BITTER, THIS DOES NOT SURPRISE YOU	G L L			
8 PERSISTENT ONE IS LIKELY TO UPSET SENSITIVE PLAYER	B A K			
9 IT'S SOMETIMES SUSPECTED OLD PARTY WAS THIS WHEN MAKING WILL	P T T Y			
10 HAS TENDENCY TO HOLD UP PURSUIT	F O			
11 THIS OF A CAR MAKES DRIVING DIFFICULT	E A R			
12 ACTION OF THIS CAN MAKE PERSON SLEEPY	C O M			
13 MEANS MONEY TO MAJORITY OF PEOPLE	I N			
14 WILD ONES OCCASIONALLY GIVE A MAN A PRETTY ROUGH TIME	W I V E S			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Oct. 3.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No..... MONDAY, SEPT. 21

Signed .....

Address .....

294

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Oct. 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS

1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

DANGEROUS MAN
SMASHING SUCCESS
COUSIN SAM
HUMAN NATURE
FATE, THE JESTER
FIGHTING
OUR DUTY
TO HER FACE
BEATING IT
WHEN IT COMES
IN THE WEST
DOING THEIR JOB
IMPOSSIBLE

SIMPLY add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, Oct. 2. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,338th Contest on page 14.

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

THE WINSTON SPIRIT
LESSON FOR HITLER
THE END'S INEVITABLE, BUT
BATTLE FOR FUEL
MEN AND MACHINES
JOURNEY TO VICTORY
DAD GOT AN IDEA AND

NEEDED IN THE.....
IN FOR A .....
NICE TO.....
STACKED WITH .....
TERROR OF THE.....
WORLD OF .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated October 3.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Closing Postmark 1,342 Monday, Sept. 21.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

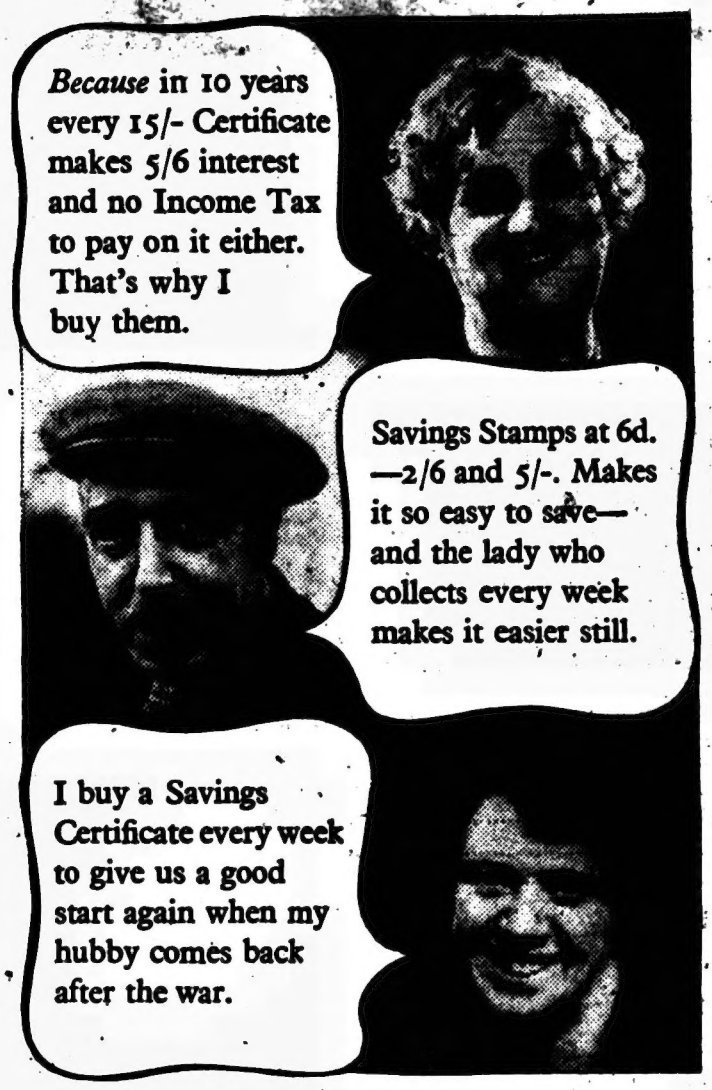
ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,342—or Xword No. 294, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

WHY I BUY

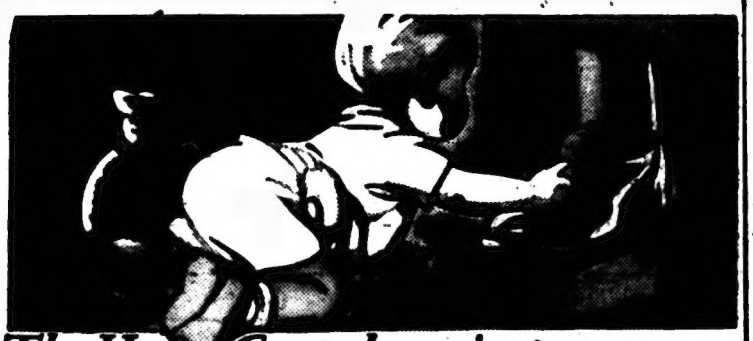
NATIONAL

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES


Because in 10 years every 15/- Certificate makes 5/6 interest and no Income Tax to pay on it either. That's why I buy them.
Savings Stamps at 6d. —2/6 and 5/-. Makes it so easy to save— and the lady who collects every week makes it easier still.
I buy a Savings Certificate every week to give us a good start again when my hubby comes back after the war.

3% **DEFENCE BONDS.** *When you reach the limit of 500 Certificates you should invest your further savings in 3% DEFENCE BONDS—£5 each. They can be bought by instalments—through your Savings Group or the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.*

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE



The Home Guard against germs

FAMILY HEALTH

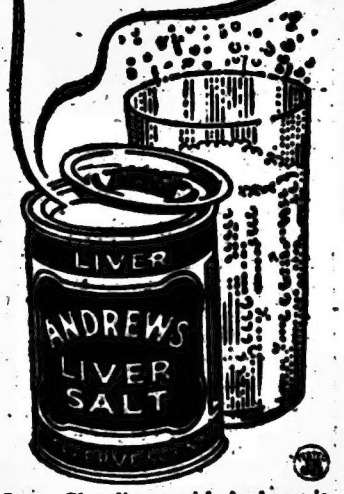
SOAP — 2D PER TABLET (1 Coupon)

the household favourite

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

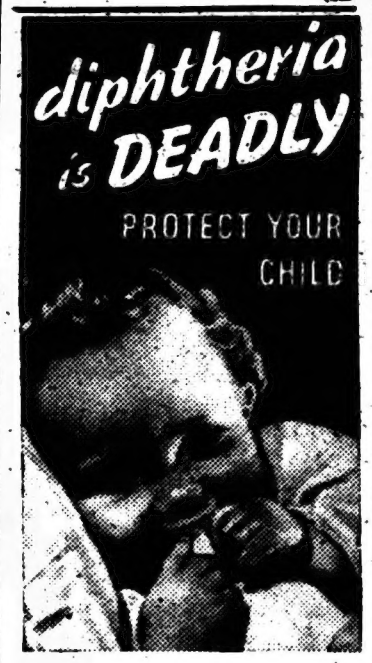
KH77-861-68

Excuse me— ANDREWS for INNER CLEANLINESS keeps your system in order



Inner Cleanliness with Andrews is the simple health rule. Millions rely on Andrews, the quality is always the same. Now one size only, 8 ozs. for 1/10½d, including purchase tax.

(22)



Have your child immunised FREE—*the sooner after the first birthday the better.* Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre.

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

DS

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

Helping the Nation by HELPING the WORKERS

"After three years of war the health of the nation is better than in peace time." That is good news for all and an important factor in production. There's no time for unnecessary lying up—nursing petty pains, minor ills and chills—no room for inefficiency or accidents due to sleeplessness or nerve strain.

Everyone is anxious to "get on with the job." How 'ASPRO' helps them in a hundred-and-one ways is a fact known to millions from personal experience. 'ASPRO' stops summer colds overnight, dispels pain, soothes the nerves, brings sweet sleep to the sleepless. People who have to take their sleep in short "snatches" or night workers who cannot accustom themselves to sleeping during the day will find 'ASPRO' particularly helpful. One or two 'ASPRO' tablets bring easy, restful sleep. You awaken refreshed and re-invigorated, free from nerviness or depression.

'ASPRO' *Saves Time—Money and Lying-Up*

WAR WORKER HELPED

Mrs. J. A., of Harrogate, writes:—"'ASPRO' tablets help a lodger I have who is young and on war work and at times finds it hard to keep on but 'ASPROS' tide her over and she wouldn't be without them."

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

'ASPRO' WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

Miss CONSTANCE SPENCER writes:—"'ASPROS' have proved their value to me in the long ago but they are worth their weight in gold to me in these trying times. In the big canteen where I work at an aircraft factory there's over 500 dinners served out every day and I notice 'ASPRO' gets served almost every day as well, for I've told the tired workers that they can't do better for themselves than take 'ASPROS'."

(Address withheld for reasons of public security.)

BUS DRIVER'S NERVES STEADIED DURING BLACKOUT

A. GODIER, of 28 Stanhope Road, Greenford, Middlesex, writes:—"In my calling as a trolleybus driver I find that 'ASPRO' steadies my nerves and renders me much more confident driving in the blackout."

ASPRO PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 1/3½ 2/6½

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.

J.B.L. 965 ★ 232